

A Life In His Presence

The Life and Letters
of Mrs. Ida A. T. Arms

HOWLAND

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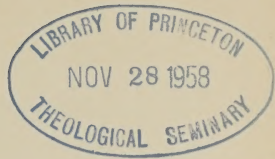
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Arms, Ida Almira Taggard
1856-1931.
A life in His presence



A LIFE IN HIS PRESENCE

The Life and Letters

of

Mrs. Ida A. T. Arms



Bessie C. Howland

Compiled by

BESSIE C. HOWLAND

with the help of

Mrs. Olive A. Valenzuela,
Mrs. Lelia Waterhouse Wilson,
Mrs. Emanuel Richard, and
Mrs. Olive Lasure

State Teacher College

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A WORD OF INTRODUCTION

Every worth-while life is "so full of a number of things" that no single book would hold a complete account. Perhaps no one person could know all the things—hopes and fears, desires and temptations, accomplishments and failures, strength and weaknesses, fulfilments and disappointments—of such a life. From the few years when I was associated with Mrs. Arms in the College, from the other years when our friendship was kept up by letters, and most of all from the letters which she wrote to those near and dear to her, who preserved her letters as something of great value, I have tried to compile, as far as possible in her own words, a record of that busy life spent in the presence and the service of her Heavenly Father.

Others, looking on from their own points of view, might write more effectively of her courage and endurance, of her determination and her iron will—things which she betrays only slightly in her letters—and especially of her many gracious and helpful deeds to all whom she found in need. As I have said, I have tried only to tell what she told, and as she told it, hoping that in this way some memories of her may linger with her friends.

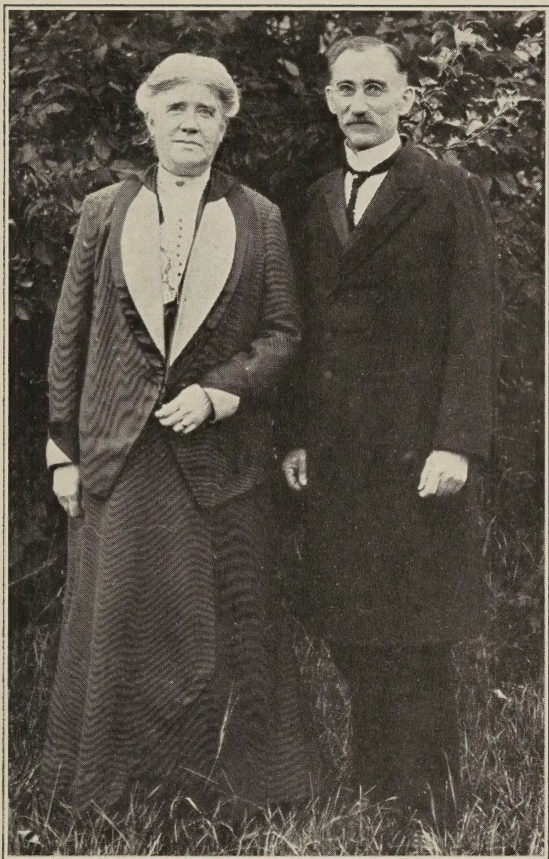
B.C.H.

I gaze aloof at the tissued roof
Where time and space are the warp and woof
Which the King of kings
Like a curtain flings
O'er the dreadfulness of eternal things.


But if I could see as indeed they be
The glories that encircle me,
I should lightly hold
This tissued fold,
With its marvelous curtain of blue and gold.

For soon the whole, like a parchèd scroll,
Shall before my amazèd eyes uproll—
And without a screen
At one glance be seen
The Presence in which I have always been.

—Whitehead.



MR. AND MRS. ARMS IN 1912



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CHAPTER I

VICTORIES OF YOUTH

In the little town of Northfield, Vermont, about the middle of the last century, a sturdy young man, John Taggard, married a devout and lovely young lady, Olive Harvey. To their home came on August 27, 1856, a little golden-haired girl whom they called Ida Almira. Each year after that brought a new brother or sister to the family, but their stay was short. Four of them, Wallace, Henry, Ella, and Tinnie, had come and passed on to the better land by the time that John Taggard volunteered to serve his country in the Civil War.

Mr. Taggard spent his time of training in the camp of Company F of the 12th Vermont Regiment, under Captain Darius Thomas, and then as the regiment was about to go to the front, he went home for a two-day furlough. While at home he complained of not feeling well, yet when his leave expired he went back to his regiment. In a day or two his illness proved to be diphtheria, and two weeks later his body was carried home from Washington and laid in the little cemetery at Northfield.

Olive, the young widow, had no brothers nor sisters in Northfield, yet there were kind friends to help her in her sorrows and trials. A few months later a little brother, Franky, came to the home, but like the others, in two or three weeks he went to join the angels. Olive and six-year-old Ida lived for a time with Olive's mother, but when she died they were alone, and they did not find life easy. Olive worked, as many another mother has done, sewing as a tailor and doing whatever her strength permitted, but it was not long before every one could see that she was steadily growing weaker. Soon she knew that the day was not far distant when she would no longer be able to care for her darling child.

One of the few bright spots in Ida's life at this time was a visit of some months in the home of a dear friend of Olive's, a kind, motherly person called Aunt Lydia, who lived on a farm at Barnard Hills in the Green Mountains. Farm life was a change from the life in the village, and Ida enjoyed this visit so much that she never forgot it.

Ida was a very large and sturdy child, not only large for her age, but wise beyond her years. She was noticeable in any crowd of children, not only for her size but also for her crown of burnished copper, which was not so much admired in those days as at present. Her hair was so heavy that her mother made two rows of ringlets, forty in all, around her head. Yet even the beauty of the curls could not make those who looked at Ida forget that, like "Anne of Green Gables," she had red hair, and they never allowed her to forget it. One day a stranger met her on the street, and with rudeness which he mistook for wit, accosted her. "Little girl, don't ever let your mother cut your hair." "Why not, sir?" she asked. "If she did, you would bleed to death. Ha, ha, ha!" The sensitive child hurried home to sob out this new hurt on mother's breast. It was bad enough to be teased by the children at school, but for a strange man to speak to her like that was the last straw. She never forgot this insult and never was proud of her hair until it turned gray.

As Olive's strength grew less and she could not always go to church nor teach her class in the Sunday school, she spent more time in teaching little Ida the principles of Christian living which had guided her through her short but beautiful life. As the years passed and the dread disease made ever greater inroads on her strength, Heaven seemed to open before her, and with such confident faith did she teach her little daughter, that through all the years to come Ida was noted for her Christian faith.

Among other good neighbors at Northfield were the Reverend Ira Beard and his wife. Mr. Beard was a

retired Methodist minister. He and his wife were very fond of Ida, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should promise Olive to be the guardian of her child when she should be taken away. When Ida was eleven years old, Olive went to her heavenly home, and Ida went to stay with Grandpa and Grandma Beard. In spite of their love and kindness the years spent there were lonely years. She revealed this fact so plainly in a letter written to Mr. Arms in later years that it may be well to quote from that letter here:

February 3, 1882

"These are anniversary days,—the last days my mother spent with me. Fourteen years next Sunday! How *have* I waited. How *can* I wait longer? Dear, patient mother! Some time, it may be, I'll tell you of her strong beautiful life, and then you'll understand how I worship the memory. Child as I was, I think my love was almost idolatry, and kindly healing Time has not yet been able to assuage the pain the parting cost. I mourn not as I did, for in that far, pure heaven I am sure she is still mine. But I so want to look once more in those loving eyes, to hear the low "my child" which ever hushed the naughty word; to feel that tender touch upon my brow, that sweet kiss on my lips . . . I have felt so alone all these years. Friends the kindest could not satisfy; hearts the most loving had still tenderer ties. O dear mother mine, are you satisfied with what the years have done? Is there aught of disappointment as God lets you see the woman the child has grown?"

Ida seemed so old and so well able to look after herself that no one ever realized quite how lonely she was. Though a leader in her classes at school, she did not have the gift of making friends with all the children. She did, however, find one friend to whom her soul was knit in bonds of steel. The love of Clara Maxham and Ida was beautiful and enduring. When they were together no one else could harm them, and when they were apart they wrote to each other every month until

death claimed Clara a few years before he came for Ida. To quote from another letter to Mr. Arms:

November 14, 1881

"My mother died when I was eleven years of age and in the winter following I first met Clara Maxham. I was lonely as few children seem to be under like circumstances, and at once she became my heart's anchor, though only a little older than I. I loved her as I believe I can never love another, because she became to me all that life was worth. This sounds extravagant to you, I know, but it is simple truth. It was not a mere schoolgirl friendship. God gave her to me, I fully believe, and all she has been to me, my pen may not say. We have been much separated but our correspondence has ever been regular, and she remains my one best friend. Her husband, Rev. L. O. Sherburne, of the Vermont Conference, you have doubtless met. Together in heart, life, and work nobly do they seek the Master's glory."

Ida's Sunday school teacher, whom she called Aunt Olive, later Mrs. Lasure, was also a friend and counselor through many of those lonely years of childhood.

Two incidents will show Ida's self-will and determination. Some one had showed her a little about making tatting, but, as every one knows who has tried it, there is a trick about making the knots slip properly. Rather than ask another question, Ida went into the parlor, got into the corner behind the sofa, and set herself to mastering those knots. She said, "I will not leave this corner until I get this tatting to draw up as it should." The fact that she conquered it is shown by the lovely tatting that she made in later years.

Ida had been brought up in the finest traditions of the Christian faith under the influence of a godly father and mother. She had experienced conversion in childhood and was a member of the church. Some years later she heard a sermon or sermons on the "second blessing," the doctrine of perfection or holiness. Ida wished to claim that blessing for herself. Once more

she sought the dark corner behind the couch, this time to pray earnestly, to "wrestle with the Lord in prayer," and she did not let Him go until He had blessed her with a blessing that was to make her life a richer and greater blessing to others than the young girl could possibly imagine.

She was not long in learning all that the little village school could offer. At the age of thirteen she entered the Vermont Methodist Seminary, at Montpelier. The next year she was hired to teach a term in a rural school at Topsham, near Northfield. Favored this time by her size and mature appearance, she conducted the school in a way that would have been a credit to a much older person. Her second teaching position was in Illinois, about twenty miles from Chicago. She secured this position in 1871 through the influence of friends who had gone there to live. Practising her usual careful economy, she was able to add a good part of the small salaries paid for these two years of work to the little nest egg that was left from her mother's pension, designed to be used on her education. Among her recommendations at that period we find the following sentences, written by James N. Johnson, who had been her superintendent:

"Miss Taggard passed the best examination of any in the class . . . She taught in this town last summer and gave good satisfaction. She has since been West. I consider her a *very remarkably correct* scholar, considering her advantages, and every way worthy of encouragement and promotion."

And so, alternating periods of teaching with periods of study on "Seminary Hill," she completed the course and graduated on July 1, 1875. Her commencement essay bore the title, *Who Shall be Crowned?* At the age of nineteen, with the scholastic preparation given by the Seminary and the experience gained by several terms of teaching, she became a teacher in the high school at Springfield, Vermont. Some entries in her journal during the years there give us glimpses into her heart:

January 3, 1876

"I want my life hidden with Christ in God. How beautiful seems an unselfish life. Self so predominates. We find such perfect characters in stories. Lives which boast such thrilling occurrences. Nothing great ever happens to me. And what stirs me the most seems so trivial when put on paper. But there must be some hills to preserve the beauty of the mountains. The little hills can reflect the glory in the sunlight till every inch is bathed in it. The rills sparkle just as clearly as they rush down their sides and by and by they will reach the ocean. I want many earthly pleasures but I can say

'I would wear the white robes here
E'en on earth, my Father dear,
Clasping close thy hand and so
Through the world unspotted go.'

I want to be pure at the expense of every pleasure."

February 5, 1876

"One says 'the shadow of death' is only our shadow as we stand at the heavenly portals knocking for admittance. One moment and we are within, in the presence of the King of kings. Eight years ago this noon since I heard that loved voice. It was then a prayer and a wish that God would bless her child. How plainly I remember the brooding mother love that shielded those first eleven years of my life. I love to think of the days passed with her. I do not feel on this day and I am getting less and less to feel as I did for those first few bitter years. I mourn for her . . . But I think of the far country, where she is at home and where I am going so soon . . . How my heart thrills when I think of the blessed country . . . I am getting to be a woman but my heart keeps young and ever may I live with the God of my mother."

June 6, 1876

"I wonder how I should feel were I to know that this night 'my soul would be required of me.' A heart-pang or two at parting for the two or three I really

love, a regret that my work was not the better done, and a joy that I was so near the *rest*. For I am tired."

August 27, 1876

"I am twenty today . . . I believe in ever keeping a young heart, in having no wrinkle added by sour thought, in having the hair silvered only to show that we are ripening like the golden grain."

January 7, 1877

"I have been rereading my writing for the year and am so dissatisfied. It all seems so discontented. And I am happy and now know it. Would refute too the statement I made, 'Nothing great happens to me.' For I have made my mind in the past year come to the conclusion that really there is nothing small. Be it trivial work God looks at it as a part of our life, as something that will affect us and ours forever."

August 19, 1877

"I was lonesome the other night . . . Just then I looked from the window. The moon was slowly passing under a great black cloud and only emerged to be covered by another. In my morbid grief I was thinking that the moments of clear bright shining couldn't atone for the oft-repeated darkness when I remembered having seen the blue dome of the sky compared to God. Might it not teach me something could I reason from that point? Going back I traced again the moon's course. Most of it was light now and all at once it flashed upon me that the clouds only shut the moon up with the infinite blue. They pass over it. Ever gleams that clear background and the suntouched face. So, O Son of Righteousness, may my griefs only serve to shut me in with God."

Ida had a trip to Martha's Vineyard, a campmeeting there, and a sail around Block Island on the way there during the summer of 1877. In her account of the trip she says: "I feel that this few days experience has broadened my life." She wrote the following poem, apparently about this experience:

EVENING BRINGS US HOME.

I'm dreaming alone on an islet
In a new and murmuring sea,
And the song of its rippling waters
Is memory sweet to me.

It rose in rough waves this morning
That foamed upon its breast,
But a hush has fallen upon it;
Evening has brought it rest.

With white sails furled the fishermen
Back to the shore have come;
They are resting now at their cabin doors.
Evening has brought them home.

The seabird's wings are tired at last
Of their flight across the foam;
They are folded now in her rocky nest.
Evening has brought her home.

I'm dreaming of my long journey
Across this stormy world,
And the air when my boat shall anchor
And its tattered sails be furled.

Many a friend has gone from me—
Very far away are some,
But this whisper dries the teardrop,—
Evening will bring them home.

Ye may cease your weary moaning;
There are angels at your side,
Who will lead you through this furnace
To the calm, cool eventide.

The west gets redder and redder,
The shadows are very long.
The time for slumber is coming
And the hour of evensong.

Lovely and fair is the morning,
Bright is God's glorious sun,
But weary spirits rest at eve
When the long, long, day is done.

For the second year of her teaching in Springfield Miss Taggard became preceptress of the High School. She was deeply interested, not only in the mental development of her pupils, but also in their spiritual

growth. Perhaps the happiest day of the years spent there was the Sunday when all the members of her Sunday-school class became members of the church.

Ida's pupils knew that she loved them and they also loved their serious and devoted young teacher. One Christmas they gave her a silver cup which she treasured all her life. At another time they gave her a gold ring. Many years later this ring became her daughter's graduating class ring.

Yet, successful as her work was, or perhaps because of the hard work that led to success, in three years she had to lay it down. Then followed nearly three years of ill-health and enforced idleness,—the "waiting time," she calls it in one of her letters. There are no available records of these years, but we may be sure that she used them to draw nearer to the Heavenly Father whom she was expecting to see very soon.

In the summer of 1881 Ida had progressed so far on the road to recovery that she accepted a position as teacher in an industrial school for wayward boys at Lawrence, Massachusetts. This boarding school was a sort of reformatory for younger boys. While the teaching was not hard, the house duties placed upon this young teacher were very heavy. She had to spend many hours each week in dining-room work, laundry work, and even mending the boys' clothing. Yet the attitude of the directors was what nearly broke her heart. In a school maintained for the reformation and preparation for life of boys who had hitherto missed the way, she was not allowed to do any real religious teaching. Any efforts that she made toward better guidance by love and Bible teaching, such as she had used with her pupils at Springfield, were frowned upon. Just after the New Year a disastrous fire in the school was caused by a malicious act of two of the boys. This led to an extra month of vacation, which Ida spent with her aunt in New York City, after which the work went on as before.

Yet the hardships, the lack of sympathy, and the feeling of strangeness in this industrial city, so different from her beloved Vermont hills, were alleviated by a

new interest that came into her life during this year and changed it forever. There had been in the Vermont Methodist Seminary a young man named Goodsil F. Arms. Her acquaintance with him while on "Sem Hill" was so slight that the years since her graduation had practically erased the memory from her mind. With him, however, the memory had been more persistent. He had graduated from the Seminary in 1876 and entered Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, graduating from there in 1880. Now in his second year as pastor of the Methodist Church at St. Albans Bay, Vermont, he felt that it was time to renew the acquaintance and see whether his hope of mutual love might come true. And so, all through this trying year, the weekly letters flew back and forth between the tiny town on Lake Champlain and the large city on the Merrimac. This was no hasty romance, sweeping either the lover or the beloved away in a rush of passion. It was all laid before the Heavenly Father in prayer, and the love that budded and blossomed in that year of correspondence was one that grew and ripened in the nearly fifty years that they spent together.

Two of the letters have already been quoted with reference to Ida's mother and to Clara Maxham. Among other things discussed in those letters was the question of a missionary call. Let the letters speak for themselves:

From G.F.A. to I.A.T., December 19, 1881

"Now there is another matter of great importance concerning which I must write to you. I have felt a great interest in the mission work, especially in China. The thought of it and that it might be my duty to go there has rested upon me so much that I wrote to Secretary Fowler in reference to it. In reply he asks me many questions in regard to health, education, and qualifications. One of the questions is 'Single, engaged, or married? If married or engaged, describe the lady as to age, health, education, piety, etc.' . . . I trust I shall not hesitate to go to that distant field if God shall

plainly call me there. I think much of the hardness would disappear if a companion should go with me. Yet I feel glad under the circumstances that no engagement vows bind another to me. I could not ask one I loved to make so great a sacrifice for me . . . If that is ever accomplished for which I have been hoping and concerning which we have been looking to God for guidance; could you for the sake of the dear Master who has done so much for us, and for the sake of the degraded women of China, make so great a sacrifice? Not simply to be a companion to one laboring there, but for what you could do yourself. For often a woman's opportunity there is equal to a man's. Now I have been writing concerning something that may never be. The missionary Secretaries rightly make a very thoro' examination of all who are willing to go, that they may get the best man possible for these important fields. I don't want to occupy a place that another can better fill."

From I.A.T. to G.F.A., December 25, 1881

"And now, not without many a prayer, do I attempt to answer some of your implied inquiries as to that faraway mission work. New England is very dear to me. The graves of those I have so fondly loved hold me with a viselike grasp. Above them the sky seems bluer, the earth fairer. But in some of its elements at least, mine is not a weak nature. When I love 'tis with my very soul, and you do not understand me rightly if you think that personal ease or comfort could enter into the account at all. You say, 'I could not ask one I loved to make such a sacrifice for me.' I say, for love's sweet sake any true, womanly heart will delight to do and bear for her beloved. A woman lives, you know, in her affections. Fear not then to come to her with any wealth of service you may wish. If she loves you as she is capable of loving, all the sacrifice you demand in the way of Christian duty will seem but as a crown for royal wearing. If God gives us this love, are you answered, then? Your question stirred my very

soul, and let me ask you here to reply honestly to one question. Has ever any one *intimated* to you my position upon this subject? At some subsequent time I may speak of it more at length but not just now. Beyond this poor, earthly love, strong though it be at times to brave much danger,—beyond and above all this, I hear the Master's voice this Christmas night and *if he call me* this is my answer to you and to Him, an answer given from my very heart, with no shrinking at the way or hesitation in obeying:—For the sake of the man, whom my heart crowned its king; for the sake of China's degraded women in whose ears are ringing to-night no Christmas chimes; for the sake of the dear Master who died for us all, and in hopes that I might aid in swelling the angelic chorus of peace and goodwill, for these, if He calls, gladly will I go to any clime, to any people . . . Step by step in this way do I desire divine guidance. And I can wait to be led, wait trustingly and joyously . . . Personally I do not feel that I have talents for such work. God needs a more gifted worker. Can it be that I could be accounted worthy such a call? . . . We will wait on, work on, and pray on, that the Master will most surely lead in very plain paths."

G.F.A. to I.A.T., December 27, 1881

"Now you may think it strange as I give you the thought that *impressed* itself upon me as I read your reply. It came to me in the words, 'Has any one *intimated* to you my position?' (Answer—Not a word.) The thought was this. God has already *been calling you* to go to those poor heathen. And tho' you say '*If He call me* this is my answer,' yet as I read on I cannot but feel that the Master has been calling to you. I cannot tell you how strongly this thought was impressed upon me by all you said in the answer which 'came from your very heart.' Have you not felt strangely *drawn* in loving sympathy with those poor, degraded women, and hasn't a great desire filled your heart, haven't you even longed to tell them the good news of Salvation? If so, whence came this loving pity for them

and this longing desire to help them into the blessedness of Jesus' love, and into that heavenly home? Could it be anything but God in his own way calling you to help them? . . . Now if God calls one to his work he will open the way to engage in that work. And if he opens the way for you, I hardly see how you can for a moment doubt the call."

I.A.T. to G.F.A., December 29, 1881

"Let me frankly tell you my story. I could not do it until you had said that not a word had ever been intimated to you of my position. Let me tell you how strangely God has led me, and then you may say if I am wrong in sometimes thinking that God is giving us to each other for this work. And having read, can you wonder that your last two letters moved me so much, bringing the quick tears and rapidly beating heart? God must mean it. I neither doubt nor hesitate but simply wait for further leading. Yes, you were right. I have sometimes thought that God was calling me to the Mission field. And, as I write, I hesitate.

"From a remark of Mrs. Beard, my guardian's wife, when I was but twelve years of age, came this first impression. Never shall I forget the looks of the room, her words and our positions, nor the fluttering heart and trembling hands with which I went back to my work.

"Once awakened, the thought has never been stilled, though never to another did I ever speak as freely as I now do to you. I could not. The subject lay too near my heart. Years passed and in the time I once spoke of it to Clara. Her love for me made it seem impossible, and I was silenced. I seldom attended missionary meetings and sometimes I have been reprov'd for lack of interest. Far was it from that. At every turn the question met me, 'Does the Master want me?' and the quick tears came so readily in response to any words from those foreign fields that I dared not trust myself often to listen. For the same reason I read little

concerning the work there. But do not misunderstand me. All this time I was ready to go, did it seem sure that God wanted me. The work seemed so grand, the call so exalted, and I so weak that I would not believe 'twas other than my own desire. For I should be glad to do or bear something for Christ. . . .

"Immediately after my graduation I commenced teaching at Springfield and in my work and its results I came to feel that here was my field of labor. From it God called me and for nearly three years I was an invalid. Much of this time I boarded with a lady thoroughly interested in the work and I think she guessed something of my feelings, though very little ever passed between us. Once during this time I referred to the subject with Clara, but my ill health was a sufficient excuse then. Last summer my physician pronounced me well. I went immediately from him to the Northfield Campground and here again by Miss Guernsey, who seemed at once to select me for her words, was led to examine closely my heart. I found nothing new. I would gladly go were I sure the Master wished it. And I promised her I would endeavor to take a more active interest in mission work. Little did she know of my present interest. God opened the way for my coming here [Lawrence], where there was not the least chance for such an opportunity, and I said, 'Surely God doesn't mean it,' for here 'tis impossible for me to attend meetings, read, &c, &c. Often did I think of it and pray, 'Lead me in a plain path, O God.' Years ago I said just as you said, 'I cannot go alone. Give me one friend to go with me, and I'll say, "It is the Lord."' Your first letter came and with the same thought in my mind I said, 'It cannot be. God calls me to work nearer home. I will rest content.' Then came last week's words and the whole subject is revived. No, I feel no longing to go other than God's desire to have me. The thought of mingling with a foreign people of any nation is extremely repulsive to me . . . New England is very dear to me. I love her hills and valleys. Her very wildness seems beautiful. I have not many near

friends to think of leaving but those I do love I love in no half-hearted way."

From G.F.A. to I.A.T., January 3, 1882

"I thank you much and love you more for your frank words . . . I have replied to Secretary Fowler and told him briefly that though not engaged, still I was in correspondence with a lady. And if I should enter the foreign field, I should hope not to go alone. I have wished that he might read the first six pages of your letter to me. I think it would give him all the knowledge of you he might wish . . . And it is a great joy to me to know that you are so given up to His will. That from your heart you desire to do His will rather than your own. The matter now rests in His hands to go or stay."

As the year 1882 went on, Mr. Arms heard no more from the Board of Foreign Missions, and after he had mentioned this fact once or twice in his letters, he considered the matter closed. His work was to be in New England. At the annual session of the Vermont Conference that spring he was transferred to the Williamsville and East Dover charge, in the southeastern part of the state.

The school year in Lawrence came to an end in July. Miss Taggard returned to Vermont. She spent several weeks with Mrs. Sherburne at White River Junction and then returned to "Grandpa Beard's" home in Northfield to make the necessary preparations for her marriage. Mother's haircloth furniture was taken out of storage, carpets and curtains were made for the new house which Mr. Arms had rented at East Dover, table and bed linen, as well as the bride's clothing—all needed the personal attention of the bride or her friends. And then, at a simple wedding in "Grandpa Beard's" home, during a beautiful snow storm on January 17, 1883, Ida A. Taggard became Mrs. Goodsil F. Arms, and the days of her loneliness were ended. For nearly 49 years these two walked "the crowded ways of life" in ever closer, deeper harmony.

Two letters written to Mrs. Lasure during the next five years,—peaceful years filled with hard work in three different pastorates in Vermont,—are the only written records available. In the one written at East Dover, Vermont, on October 18, 1883, she gives a sympathetic picture of the home that was so dear to her, describing rooms, furniture, pictures, plants in the window, and even the kitten and the pony. She says, “We have not nice furnishings but I’ve tried to have everythings but I’ve tried to have everything tasty and inviting in its arrangement . . . But with my husband and half as much I could be happy I am sure. It is such a precious possession this dear home feeling. I do not deserve the richness that crowns my life . . . The summer has been a happy one but very full of work. Since June first until to-night we have been just ten days alone. Twice I have made flying trips away, upon business connected with the Home Missionary Society, of which the Conference made me Secretary. Have done almost every bit of my own work, made nearly 75 calls, entertained several callers, and kept reading, writing, and mending in visible distance.”

The second letter was written at Wilmington, Vermont, May 29, 1885. She mentions the facts that Mr. Arms had recovered from a serious illness, and that he worked too hard all the time because there was always so much to be done. She says: “How fortunate it is that nearly every happily married woman thinks her husband the grandest of men. I am more than satisfied, yea, even blessed in my home and its love . . . In August I visited the camp meetings in the interests of Home Missions. In October I attended the Annual Meeting of the Board of Managers of the Women’s Home Missionary Society held at Cleveland. In January we went to Boston and neighboring towns, under appointment of Conference. The first of this month we moved and are now nicely settled in our new home. I’ve been Superintendent of the Sunday school and so full of concerts, fairs, Christmas, reviews, &c, &c. Have done all my own work until the past few months. . . . But for me these are mostly waiting days. God

has given us the desire of our hearts, and I'm expecting any day the coming of a little one to our home . . . I pray so earnestly that it can be best my baby may live. Yes, the thought comes sometimes that I may go away from my home, away from the husband and little one, but I have not many misgivings."

On June 21, 1885, the little daughter came to the parsonage home, and the golden-haired mother almost slipped away. The struggle in the Valley of the Shadow was so hard and so long that little Olive was six weeks old before her mother was really conscious of her presence. Yet in time she recovered fully and enjoyed her baby as much as she had expected.

The following year there was published a call for a Methodist minister and wife to go to Unalaska, the principal station in the Aleutian Islands, the schools of which had been assigned to the Methodist Church by the government of the United States after the purchase of that territory. Mr. and Mrs. Arms read the call and each heard a voice saying, "That is to you." Soon they spoke to each other about the call and found that each had received the same impression. They wrote to the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, who by appointment of the United States Government was General Superintendent of the schools in Alaska and had a certain oversight of the missionaries sent out by the churches to Alaska. He came to Wilmington to interview Mr. and Mrs. Arms. Soon they were under appointment, Mr. Arms as Superintendent of all schools of the United States Government in the Aleutian Islands, and Mrs. Arms in charge of a girls' boarding school, the Jesse Lee Home, which was under the special patronage of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Church.

They were informed that they should take everything they would need, as nothing could be bought there. Furthermore, for six months in the winter there would be no connection by steamer or otherwise with the United States or any other country. Nevertheless Mrs. Arms did not hesitate, and went forward with her preparations to go. But for some reason the funds which

the government expected to give for the support of schools in Alaska were cut off. Mr. and Mrs. Arms were notified that their appointment to that territory had been suspended.

At the Vermont Conference session in the Spring of 1887 Mr. Arms was transferred to Newport, a larger town in the extreme north of Vermont, on Lake Memphremagog, not far from his father's home in Richford. Mrs. Arms was active as ever in church work. Among other organizations in the church was a group of young girls, a missionary society known as the "Busy Bees." The secretary was a thirteen-year-old girl, Dorothy Richard, who became especially fond of Mrs. Arms, so fond that in later years she followed her to Chile.

As the first year of Mr. Arms' pastorate in Newport was coming to an end, the question of foreign mission work was brought to his attention for a third time. To understand this call we must go back ten years.

CHAPTER II

IN A STRANGE LAND

On October 16, 1877, the Rev. William Taylor, who had recently returned from his marvelous missionary campaigns in Australia and India, sailed from New York for the west coast of South America by way of Panama. He had a vision of the great need of our sister continent, joined to North America by similar conditions of birth and development of national life, yet lying in darkness, without equal opportunities of education and freedom of thought. He went to study the field and see what might be done in organizing a self-supporting missionary work along lines that he had followed with success in southern India. He found that the population of South America was more than half pure Indians and semi-civilized natives, not reached by any Catholic priest or Protestant missionary; that a large proportion of the baptized Roman Catholics were indifferent to religion, and many were educated unbelievers; and that there was a small but growing class, in the cities, the seaports, and the mining districts, composed of immigrants from Protestant countries. This class was very important because it had the commercial and industrial interests of South America so largely in its hands.

Something was being done for this last class when William Taylor visited the field. In the chief ports and mining centers, where fair-sized English-speaking colonies existed, services in English were being held. In Valparaiso the Union, the Anglican, and the German Lutheran Churches were well organized and trying to meet the needs of the Protestant members of the community. The only work of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the continent of South America was in Argentina. Obviously, the most fruitful opportunity for beginning work was among the Protestant foreigners.

Having made plans for beginning church and school work in various ports of Peru, Mr. Taylor at length

reached Chile. He organized a committee to provide a place of worship and support for a preacher in Coquimbo, and a committee to support a seamen's chaplain for work among the sailors in the Bay of Valparaiso. Here a committee was formed and money was pledged for the support of three teachers to establish a good school. Later, in Santiago, the capital of Chile, the American Minister, the Hon. Thomas A. Osborn, presented Mr. Taylor to the President, Anibal Pinto, and to the Minister of Justice and Public Instruction, Miguel Luis Amunátegui, both of whom expressed themselves as well pleased with the steps already taken in establishing the schools, and promised any aid they might be able to render.

Mr. Taylor returned to New York in May, 1878, and set about his task of securing his first party of missionaries, nine preachers and teachers for the various stations, of which not all have been named here. Of these nine, those who most concern this story were the Rev. Ira Haynes LaFetra, who went to the seamen's mission at Valparaiso, and Miss Lelia Waterhouse, who, with the Rev. William Wright and Miss Sarah Longley, was appointed to Concepción. After almost incredible hardships on the voyage and disappointments in regard to the promised support, the school at Concepción was opened, largely through the determined efforts of Miss Waterhouse. It was named Colegio Americano. In March, 1879, Mr. Wright reported 61 pupils in the school. Some of these pupils came from such a distance that they had to board at the school. In March, also, Mr. Wright and Miss Longley were married.

In January, 1880, the members of the Taylor Mission met in conference in Santiago. The Rev. Ira H. LaFetra was elected president of the conference and chairman of the Executive Committee to look after the work during the year. Plans were made to establish a school in Santiago. Mr. and Mrs. Wright of Concepción were to take charge of it, but Mrs. Wright's illness led to their return to the United States. Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey came from Tacna, and Mr. Taylor sent out Miss Ade-

laide Whitefield, Miss Lizzie Kipp, and Miss Rosina Kinsman, and the school opened in October, 1880. Mr. LaFetra and Miss Whitefield were married in September, 1881.

In the school at Concepción it was soon proved that the North-American plan of having boys and girls together in classes was not a wise one for Chile. The school was divided, another house was rented, and Miss Lelia Waterhouse took charge of the separate school for girls, which was called Colegio Americano para Senioritas, and later known as Concepción College. The work, the hardships, and the sacrifices were such that at the end of four years and a half Miss Waterhouse had to go home with her health so broken that she has never been able to regain it. The office of directora was then held successively by Miss Esther Spinks, Miss Mary Sanborn, and Miss Rebecca Hammond.

In 1884 William Taylor was elected by the South India Conference as delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Church. That body elected him Missionary Bishop of Africa. His duties in this new office so absorbed his time and his energies that he was able to give very little supervision and little financial aid to the mission which bore his name. He presented a memorial to the General Conference calling for some action on their part. This action took the form of receiving his self-supporting missions into the Methodist Church as a presiding elder's district.

Immediately after the adjournment of the General Conference, Bishop Taylor and several of his friends who had been most deeply interested in the work of these missions met in New York and organized the Transit and Building Fund Society, to provide ways and means to pay the passage of missionaries to foreign countries from New York, also the traveling expenses of pioneer evangelists in the countries, and to build or purchase dwellings and schoolhouses or houses of worship for the use of the missionaries. Immediately after its organization this society assumed complete direction of the missionary operations in Chile. Mr. LaFetra

was made general agent of the work on the west coast of South America, as well as attorney for the purchase and transfer of mission property.

Colegio Americano was for longer or shorter terms under the direction of the Rev. A. T. Jeffrey, the Rev. J. M. Spangler, and the Rev. W. T. Robinson. In February, 1886, a corner lot on the principal street of Concepción, one block from the railroad station, was bought for that school, and during the year a building was erected, with classrooms and a boarding department. The chapel was planned, but its construction was deferred for a time.

The Rev. Dr. Asbury Lowrey, Secretary of the Transit and Building Fund Society, visited the missions in 1887. He helped organize a Methodist Episcopal Church at Concepción with thirteen members. Nine of these were missionaries, two of them being clergymen. Three were young ladies who had been educated in Concepción College, and one was a young German. Within a few years most of the members had died or gone away, and it seemed to have come to nothing. In 1888 the Rev. W. T. Robinson and his wife went to Argentina. Miss Rose Williams returned to the United States, as did also the Rev. Ira Ross, who had been there about seven months. Miss Isabel MacDermot was transferred to Santiago. Miss Mary Knoll was ill for several months and died. Of ten missionaries in Concepción at the time of Dr. Lowrey's visit, a year later not a man remained, and only four women, two in each school.

Ten years—on July 1, 1888—had passed since the first party of nine missionaries sailed from New York. Of that number Ira H. LaFetra alone remained. Many had come and gone. The War of the Pacific had broken out within a year after the arrival of that first group and had lasted more than four years. Later came the cholera, which affected the whole coast. During the decade three of the missionaries had died after a short period of service, and about sixty had left the field for

one reason or another. Several of the stations had been abandoned on account of the war, or had been handed over to other churches.

This unusual mission field sent out an urgent call for help. The field was unusual in that it was a civilized country, that the work was not under the Board of Foreign Missions like that of other countries to which the Methodist Episcopal Church was carrying the gospel, and that the ten years of its history had seen so many workers come and go. So few of them had felt the call as meaning a life work, or had been granted health to continue it for the rest of their lives. Yet one of those short time workers played the part of Andrew in a way that was to have far-reaching consequences.

The Rev. Ira Ross, who had returned to the United States to try to obtain money and workers for Colegio Americano, was a former classmate of Mr. Arms at Wesleyan. He went to Newport to present the need to his friends. Their answer, as before, was "Here am I, Lord, send me." The Transit and Building Fund Society found this young minister, who had been preaching in the Vermont Conference for seven years, and who had an earnest and active wife, well able to do her share of the pastoral work, very much to their liking. In due time Mr. and Mrs. Arms were appointed to Colegio Americano, in Concepción, Chile. They prepared their outfit, not such an elaborate one this time, as they were going to a city that had fairly good stores, where mail might be sent and received about twice a month.

The last few days before their sailing were spent with Mr. Arms' parents on the old home farm at Richford, Vermont. One sunny June Saturday the family went for one last picnic—an event they were never to forget. On their return from the happy outing they found the telegram which they had been expecting. The steamer was in New York, and they were to come at once. They took the nine o'clock train that evening and reached New York at eight o'clock on Sunday evening. And then on Monday, June 11, 1888, they sailed out of New York harbor on the steamer *San Marcos*,

leaving the Green Mountain State that was so dear to them, and facing a future in an unknown land, a land and a work which were to become perhaps even dearer to them than those they had hitherto known.

The party, to whom Bishop Taylor and the Missionary Committee had given their "God speed" at the pier, numbered eight:—Mrs. Sarah Webster and Amelia, her colored maid, Miss Eva Schultz and Miss Rosina Kinsman returning from furlough, Mr. Hurlbert, Mr. and Mrs. Arms, and Olive. The nine-day voyage to Aspinwall, now called Colón, was at times rough enough to make these unaccustomed sailors, even little Olive, seasick. They saw Watling Island where Christopher Columbus landed, also the tip of Cuba, but their only stop was at Fortune Island to take on 88 negroes who were going to work at Aspinwall.

Little Olive spent her third birthday in the city of Panama. Her father and mother were much interested in their first glimpses of tropical vegetation, life on the isthmus, and the little work that they saw being done on the canal. On Saturday, June 23, they sailed from Panama on the steamer *Puno*. They were not long out of sight of land, yet were interested in seeing flying fish, turtles, whales, and porpoises. On the fourth day the ship went up the beautiful Guayas River to the port of Guayaquil. About that time they began the study of Spanish, which seemed to Mrs. Arms "a pretty language." While the ship was anchored in the river at Guayaquil they had the unusual pleasure of a good view of Chimborazo, one of the highest peaks of the Andes, about 140 miles away.

Later stops were made at Tumbes and at Payta, where many cattle were lifted from barges to the deck by a rope around their horns. Mr. Arms first set foot on South American soil at Pacasmayo. He wrote: "The occasion of my going ashore was this: The wife of a sea captain had been at Panama ten days. Her little boy baby was teething, and got sick. She was returning to Callao, her home. The child could have only poor care. It died. She was a Catholic, hence wanted him

buried in a Catholic churchyard. There was no priest here. At her request I offered prayer at the grave." The next stop was at Salaverry, where an irrigated green valley led down to the sea, and a great deal of sugar was taken on board. Mr. Arms wrote: "This green valley was a delight. The coast for miles back was sand in long banks or low stretches, or the rocks reaching up in places to high mountains, broken, pointed, gray, sometimes brown, but sand or rock, barren, barren, no green thing. Occasionally we see the high mountains in the distance, mostly long, heavy ranges, with here and there a peak somewhat higher. Oh, it was wonderful yesterday as we rode along with sand, crags, and peaks little and big, near and far—and the great mountains in the distance hidden part of the time by clouds . . . Yesterday we saw a spouting whale, the day before sharks and a seal . . ."

They reached Callao, the only port where the steamer came up to the wharf, on July 5. Mrs. Arms wrote: "We reached Callao this morning and went to the city this forenoon. We walked a little about its streets and went into a cathedral . . . Callao is a much nicer city than Panama and yet I'd not like to live here . . ." Mr. Arms gave an account of their trip to Lima the next day, with descriptions of the Botanical Gardens and the Cathedral. In his next letter, written at Santiago on July 20, he said: "From Callao to Valparaiso we made sixteen stops, many of them at very small places. The largest but one, Iquique, is without any green thing. No water, that for family use is brought from Arica, 109 miles, in vessels, or distilled from ocean water. The town has an extensive saltpeter trade . . ."

"Here we all went ashore, as we have a good school and a small church. Rev. Brother Gilliland and wife with three or four teachers. Miss Kinsman of our party stopped here to aid in the work . . . We reached Coquimbo on Tuesday. Two teachers from our school here came aboard, and we all went ashore. Had a delightful time. Here we have a good school building with

boys' and girls' apartments. Four teachers are now here. Brother Compton was here, but is now in Concepción. He will doubtless return as soon as we reach Concepción. We have a church here, Sunday school room and parsonage, but no pastor at present . . .

"Wednesday just at night we reached Valparaiso and went to the English hotel . . . The next morning before light I started to get the trunks. The customs officer passed us all right. At 9:35 we took the accommodation train for Santiago . . . I ought to have told you of the magnificent view we had of the Cordilleras, a long range, and the Andes all snow covered, from our ship on Wednesday before reaching Valparaiso. Wonderful wonderful! We saw the Aconcagua and three other peaks nearly as high . . .

"From the summit of the pass in the Cordilleras we go down to a broad level valley with hills rising sharp on each side. At the farther end near the Andes range is Santiago. Here we arrived at 4:30 last night. Three of the teachers met us, and we were conducted to the English College, the great English school of Chile. They have a very good commodious building, with ten or twelve teachers. We remain here till Monday morn. Mr. LaFetra plans to go with us to Concepción on Monday as I understand, to help us for some days in starting the work.

"Our journey has been long and tedious. We have seen much and if it were not for seasickness we should have doubtless enjoyed the trip very much . . . Now we are in a land of greenness again. From what we have seen of the school work in the three places visited it seems as if we might have pleasant work, and very important in the Lord's cause. We thank the Lord much that we have passed safely the long, long journey."

Mr. Arms' next letter, written from Concepción on August 5, 1888, gave his impressions of Santiago, also of Santa Lucia Hill and the Park. Then he wrote: "Monday morning we left Santiago by express at 7 a.m. Reached Concepción at 10:30, being delayed four hours

by a serious accident which occurred that day on a freight train. Brother LeFetra came with us. Ida was very tired as well as Olive. The teachers were expecting us and gave us a good welcome. Brother LaFetra remained two days helping us in starting. Mr. Robinson, who had charge for four years, having been gone all this year, the school has suffered some, yet we found everything as well as could be expected. We found here six regular teachers, besides the Spanish teacher, the music teacher, and the man who was acting as principal till I could come. I found many things needed seeing to. Have been very busy these two weeks. But am getting ends picked up so it will go easier.

"The school opens at 8:45 with religious services. Keeps till 11:00, then breakfast. (At 7:30 we have coffee with bread baked in rolls.) School from 12:15 till 2:00. Then lunch. School from 2:30 till 4:15. Dinner at 5:00. Study hour in evening from 7 to 8. I teach three and one-half hours each day.

"The Presbyterians have a church, Spanish minister. No services in English. We hold services 11:15 to 12:15 in their chapel. I preach each Sunday, have about fifty. We have a Sunday school. Usually the teachers and scholars attend the Spanish service. On Wednesday evening we have prayermeeting, on Saturday class-meeting.

"Along the Peruvian coast there is no rain the whole year. At Callao, just a little mist at times. At Coquimbo three days' rain in the year. But at Concepción for all the winter months we have plenty. The sun has shone very little, and the rains have been very heavy since our arrival. The roof is made of tile and has leaked badly. The boys have had colds, so that some were sick. My cold was not severe, but Olive and Ida have had a pretty hard time. Ida has charge of the house. Taking teachers and all we have about 30 at the table. Besides she teaches some three hours a day. That keeps her very busy."

Some of the mail for which they had been longing was at Concepción when they arrived. Mrs. Arms men-

tioned this in her part of this letter and went on to give other details of the new way of life. "I have just got Olive to sleep . . . I require no nurse. Isn't that nice? I have drawing and writing in the Main Room for a half hour each day, but Goodsil is at liberty and can have her in the office during writing, and during drawing she is either asleep or goes over to kindergarten with Miss Neissman. This she enjoys very much, but I do not purpose to let her go regularly . . . My other recitations are in classrooms and when Goodsil can not see to her I take her with me . . .

"We've taken six new scholars since we came and more have made application. Repairing and arranging will disturb the rest of this year. Then I think 'twill be quite smooth sailing. With the girls' school I have little association. Goodsil is President but Miss Hammond remains through the year, then has her promised vacation . . . Their building is three blocks from ours and it is in such a miserable condition from rats and rain as to be a disgrace to the Methodist Church. If our people knew the needs I am sure they would respond. This building is much better but is so shabbily put up as to seem about fifty years old instead of two.

"In servants I am very fortunate. The cook is an unusually good one, a German, able to speak some English, and Spanish as well as a native. The two others, Sara and Maria, are above the average Chilean girls. The man servant, José, does all the hard jobs and is very obliging. If Goodsil had said my family numbered 35 I think he'd have come nearer the mark. But I have little difficulty planning meals, so well does Lea understand it. She does each morning's marketing. The washing is all done out of the house . . .

"Our boxes have not yet come. When they get here and we are really settled I'll describe the rooms to you. I already feel much interested in the work and have not been sorry for an instant that we obeyed the voice of the Lord. Oh but wasn't that seasickness horrid! And we do want so very much to see and hear from

the dear ones. But we pray for you almost constantly, as we know you do for us . . .

"The horse cars go directly past our door. Station and stores are near. All horse car conductors in this country are women. They say men can not so well be trusted. There are some very pleasant English people here, and quite a number from the States. I think we had seven callers the first week after our arrival . . ."

Yet after this optimistic report of first impressions and beginnings, Mrs. Arms' next letter, written on August 20, reports her illness:

"I should have written before but have been quite sick. I have my clothes on to-day for the first time in two weeks but am yet very weak. We came here from Santiago as I wrote you by card. Found we were very much needed and had been for months. Compared with the need of us here, the need at home seems small. Work on every hand had been accumulating and it seemed as if we could not work half fast enough. The house is in poor shape in every respect. It is not adapted to our needs and leaks badly. Rooms were damp and we all took severe colds. Olive and Goodsil did not get down into bed and were all right in a few days. The cold with me settled on the bronchial tubes and in my bowels, and we were obliged to have a doctor. For a few days I was very sick. Have coughed so much and lost so much strength from being unable to take food as well as from the dysentery that I've grown quite thin and pale. Still I'm in a fair way to get well now and you must not worry. I am so glad that I was the one to be sick instead of Goodsil or Olive. They are both very well.

"We have help now; two of the missionaries who came out with us, Mr. Hurlbert and Miss Schultz. Miss Emily Grant, the teacher of the Primary Department, is very poorly and has to have assistance every day. I fear she may have to give up entirely. There is no cholera or smallpox here and the rainy season is almost over. In another month work is to be begun on the

building and we hope before long to be more comfortable. I am learning Spanish under difficulties, for there is absolutely no time to study. Still, I must speak it with the servants. The cook speaks English a little . . .

"It does seem as if we were a long ways away, but I have no regrets that we came, whatever the future may hold. I believe God wanted us here. Surely we are greatly needed. And compared with Alaska we are nicely situated. My interest in Alaska, however, is undiminished. By way of the Throne we are near together and our prayers rise daily for all the loved home friends. Remember us and our work. We need *money* so much right now, thousands of dollars. If only some one who has the means could know of the need. I do not wonder Mr. Ross felt that he must go home and tell the people about it. I suppose Bishop Taylor is raising money for our new building now . . ."

Before Mrs. Arms wrote her next letter, on September 3, she had received the first letter from the beloved family at home, and in it the news that Wesley, the little nephew with whom Olive had enjoyed that last picnic, the only son of Mr. Arms' sister Julia and the Rev. Selden Currier, had died. While Mrs. Arms did not say much about the death in this letter, she referred again and again in other letters to Olive's desire to play with Wesley and to go to Heaven where Wesley was.

The letters are filled with all sorts of intimate details as to the daily program of work,—apparently no play and not much time to study Spanish,—meals and food, the condition of the school building, the people with whom they became acquainted, the cost and scarcity of some articles of clothing, and requests that some things, such as winter flannels and Sunday-school cards, be purchased and sent, some by mail and some by new missionaries who might be coming to Chile. In her letter of October 8 she wrote: "People here are very pleasant and it is such a trial to be unable to talk with them, but people say I am learning remarkably fast. My day is now divided differently from what it was

when I wrote you. I have my morning's work here the same with four classes. At one o'clock I go over to the Girls' School taking Olive with me to kindergarten and I have the Main Room there until half past four. I keep the books of that school and am really at its head. Miss Grant and Miss Neissman live over there; Miss Emma Bard and Miss Eva Schultz remain with us . . ."

On November 2: "We pray daily, often many times a day, that it may be God's will to keep us all well until we meet again. We are just now feeling *very* well, have good appetites and sleep much better than we used to in Vermont. As far as possible we retire early and we do not get up until half-past six. Goodsil 'is looking healthier,' a lady said yesterday. The work is very much easier than at first now that we know what we have to do. Then, too, we can now understand and speak quite a little Spanish, and that is much help . . . I am enjoying my work at the Girls' College very much. It is much work to keep all the books straight and true, and to *plan* the work for each takes some thought . . .

"Here summer is just commencing. The flowers are perfectly lovely and the children bring us such quantities. I wish I might pass to you the roses and orange blossoms that are just filling the room with fragrance as I write. Yesterday was Decoration Day here—no public exercises, but *everyone* seemingly went to the cemetery with flowers . . . Tomorrow we plan to go to the Quinta to gather wild roses. 'Tis a lovely ride of two or three miles there, then a nice climb to the top of a hill where we can see all Concepción. On the top of the horse-cars the view is better and there it costs only 2½ cents, so we get the whole thing cheap enough. Then for five cents we can go out to the Monchita and return. This is a beautiful little island in the river. The ride out is delightful, giving one a fine view of the water and the farther hills. To the Alameda we walk. This is an enclosure of several acres through which are set six rows of Lombardy poplars. The middle driveway is wide enough for six teams abreast and

on each side are walks about half as wide. The trees are scarcely any of them less than 90 feet high; they are set with perfect regularity and the rows are at least $\frac{3}{4}$ miles long. The long aisles remind me of some grand Cathedral and I think, 'The Lord is in His holy temple; Let all the earth keep silence . . .'

"You remember those pictures you gave me, Mother, —chromos and engravings from magazines? I wanted the boys to have them, but there were not enough of the larger ones to go around; so I said the first of last month, 'Boys, I have pictures which Mother Arms gave me for you. Now there are enough for one large one and two small ones in each room, but I choose to have you earn them. The boy who keeps his room the nicest for the month shall have first choice, the second best boy, second choice, and so on.' You would have been pleased could you have seen the arranging, the cleaning, the care, &c, &c which has marked the days. All did so nicely that I wanted twice as many pictures, but we cannot get them here and so I let them choose as they were marked . . .

"We have no cholera here yet but it is creeping down the coast. Do not worry if letters do not reach you for several months, for the ports may soon be closed, when letters have to be carried over the mountains."

The letter of November 28 begins: "I know I am a week late in writing you and I am sorry, but it has seemed impossible to find an hour when other things were not waiting to be done. Of course Mr. Hurlbert's going home leaves so much more work for the rest of us. Then Miss Grant has been sick and is still poorly. Goodsil takes two of my classes here and I go to the Girls' College both forenoon and afternoon. Am now teaching from 8:30 till eleven and from 12:15 till 4:30. I enjoy my classes very much but with the many other duties it is a little too confining. I am glad to tell you that we are *very well*, hardly ever better or stronger in our lives . . . Our boxes reached us to-day and this evening we have opened one of them—the largest one

containing all the choice and nearly all the breakable things. We were very much surprised to see how safely they had come . . . We've had two quite warm days this week, but nothing as warm as are many days at home. Natives say we'll hardly have greater heat . . . The flowers increase in number and beauty. Such quantities are brought us. Another year I hope we can have a garden . . . School closes either the Saturday or Monday before Christmas. So many things I wish to do in vacation. Conference is at Santiago in January . . . ”

At last the vacation came, and she wrote on January 12, 1889: “I've not been working much yet in vacation, and I have more time to think how very far we are away. I dare not think much about it when there is work to be done. Olive has just been teasing to go to Grandpa's . . . Next week commences regular study on the Spanish. I am seldom troubled to be understood, or to understand, but of course I do not speak correctly. I am so anxious to be able to talk with people well and upon any subject . . . ” The letter goes on with details of housekeeping, fruits and vegetables, and clothing, and then says, “Goodsil is very busy with the building. Works very hard. Gets up at five o'clock. But has a splendid appetite.”

By February 13 the building had made great progress. “Mr. LaFetra has been here since Friday, greatly relieving Goodsil. He goes home in the morning. Oh, such confusion as we have had, for every room but one schoolroom downstairs, the hall, the stairs, and four rooms above needed more or less changing. Carpenters, brickmen, jobmen, painters, paperers are everywhere. In another week we hope to have all finished but the cleaning, and that will be a long, hard task, but I shall not do any of it. We moved into our room on Monday and it does seem nice to have a place to call our own. Never have we felt right in the other room, separated from the public sittingroom as it was by nothing but curtains. Here we have a little corner to ourselves and I know we shall enjoy it so much. All our family pic-

tures are here and your lamp will light us each night..."

On March 3 she wrote: "This has been such a busy, busy vacation. School opened on Friday with eleven boys but we have as yet only two boarders. Most come tomorrow. The number of applications has been large and I think we shall have all we can well accommodate—25 or 28 by giving up our spare room. Then there are the half boarders, or those who are here for breakfast and lunch. With the day pupils we are confidently expecting to register 100 during these first two months. We expect the teacher for the Primary boys tomorrow night. I shall be obliged to take the Intermediate Room until some one arrives from the States, which I hope will be soon. It is too hard to have the care of two buildings with thirty-five rooms, the care of the boarding and clothes of twenty boys, and still teach from half past eight till quarter past four, with much care of the boys evenings and Olive all the time in my thought.

"We are trying to do a little more church work for quite an interest is developing among the young men. Plans for the dedication of our chapel are being made, all taking a deep interest. It will not be completed for several weeks. I haven't told you what an improvement we have made in our house. Our kitchen, pantry, dining room, our room, the stairs, lower hall, and recitation rooms are, at least, very good. We have good water, a little garden for ourselves—flower garden, two nice patios for the boys, and the chapel will be nice. The Girls' School is opening well in a rented building, but they need another teacher very much.

"I organized a W.C.T.U. here last Thursday. Have seven members now but are sure of seven more at our next meeting. One half our number are gentlemen, for there is no other temperance organization in the city. Few are the families, too, where wine is not always on the table. They think it is a necessity. We hope for a Loyal Legion when we have our Sunday-school room.

Shall not ask them to pledge at first but try to teach them the effects of alcohol."

The next letter says: "I have twenty-eight boys in my department. Seventy-one have matriculated and we know of many more who are coming later. I rise at six o'clock now, which gives me fifteen minutes with my Bible before the day's duties begin. At night I am too tired to get much good from reading, and every moment of the day has its appointed work after the early morning. I need more than ever these quiet moments alone with God, for in the subsequent hurry and rush there are many temptations to impatience."

Writing on April 14, 1889, Easter week, she said: "Two teachers came from the States week before last and one of them—Miss Mary Stout—is with us. Week after next I expect she will take my Department. There will still be left work enough for me." On June 16 she wrote: "I think this first year will be longer than any other and it may be God will let us meet again on earth—not all, no, but all who are now left. I'm praying 'Thy will be done' but I do hope this may be His will . . . And Jesus never seemed so consciously near and helpful. I take everything to Him and He cures my headaches, soothes my heartaches, gives me wisdom to do in one hour the ordinary work for two,—indeed in every way He does 'supply all our need.' And we are getting so much interested in our work.

"Last Friday night I organized the boys into a Loyal Legion. We are to *study* Temperance. None here could be expected to pledge at first."

Her letter of July 6 said: "I am a few days late in writing this time but I waited purposely so that I might tell you about our Fourth of July celebration. It has been the custom to give the boys a Thanksgiving dinner and the entire day as a holiday. We invited Mr. and Mrs. Boomer and Mr. and Mrs. Jorquera to dine with us. The teachers trimmed the dining room. The boys got flowers—lovely wild ones which were prettily arranged. In the afternoon the boys went with Goodsil

for a boat ride, taking with them a large basket of lunch. The rain came, however, and drove them home.

"We had the three long tables in the dining room full. We made them look quite pretty with glasses of celery, jelly, oranges, and flowers. First was served a soup of egg and bread. Then—salmon—canned—with boiled egg, the platters decorated with celery leaves. Third course was chicken with gravy poured over toasted bread. Then came the turkey with mashed potatoes. We had pudding next, tapioca with frosting, followed by tea. Then Miss James played 'America' with variations, Mr. Jorquera told the boys in Spanish about the day, Mr. Boomer talked about Washington's inauguration, Lucho played a piece on the piano which we had brought in the dining room for the evening. Then were served in courses, jelly cake, frosted cup cakes with raisins, candy, nuts and raisins. We were in the dining room about three hours. The boys behaved very nicely and evidently enjoyed their dinner much . . . All in all we count the day quite a success . . . Miss Bard has been poorly for two weeks and that day was in bed with the headache. We were very sorry for that, but I was more hurt when Miss Stout went over to the Girls' School for dinner. I think it was very rude in her to treat our guests thus and personally I felt hurt but such hurts are the rule and not the exception here and I'm a little used to them. If Goodsil and I hadn't each other I guess we should die . . .

" 'Tis Communion Sunday tomorrow. I do so hope the teachers will try to go and I think they will. The last time Miss Stout and I went alone. Work on the chapel is stopped for want of money . . . Some English families have lately come and our S.S. is not well accommodated in the schoolroom . . . My Loyal Legion met last night and we had the best meeting we have had yet. But it is much harder working with these boys than with boys at home. They seemed much interested last night as I told them about the brain and the heart and the effect of alcohol upon each. Some of them had known enough about wine to know it made them stupid."

The letter of August 10 was short but had some important items: "We are all very well and you must be thankful for this, for there is much sickness in the city, measles, fevers, whooping cough and now a report of smallpox. Forty cases of fever in the boarding school on the next street with at least two deaths. It has been closed two weeks. The large Catholic Seminary a few squares above us is also closed on account of sickness. Two boys have been taken with fever but we broke it up by a few days' careful attention, and every one in both schools is tonight all right. We have prayed, O so earnestly to be kept, and we believe the Lord does hear. Read again the 91st Psalm and trust us, as we trust ourselves to his loving care . . . Examinations are passed quite creditably to teachers and scholars. Now we are in regular work again . . .

"By the last mail came word that Bishop Walden was soon to visit us. We expect him to reach here about the 26th of this month. Mr. LaFetra has given Goodsil permission to go on with the chapel and so now he is trying to get it done for the Bishop to dedicate. Four of us teachers will join at that time and we hope some others."

Two weeks later, on August 23, she wrote on a Saturday evening: "During these last five or six easier weeks I have been able to write quite a good deal, and all my work is in good condition. Teachers are working very harmoniously and the outlook is much more hopeful than before since we came here. We've all been well since I wrote you and now the sickness in the city is abating . . . Work is now progressing on the chapel and we hope to occupy it next month. But the Bishop has come and gone. He was obliged to hasten on account of the steamer and was with us only from Friday night until Wednesday morning. He was thoroughly unconventional and kind, taking everything as just the very thing he desired, and so pleasant in all his advice and conversation with us. Either the teachers of the Girls' School were here or we were there every day, and thus we got nearer each other than

we have been before. He quite agrees with us in all we have done, and seems fully to understand our most pressing needs. Sunday morning he preached in the Presbyterian chapel on 'the power of God.' In the evening he spoke in our school room and administered the Sacrament. Miss James joined on probation and Miss Stout and I presented letters.

One thing that pleased us was the coming to S.S. of one of our old boys—the Juan of whom I told you last year. I am sure these boys will never forget some things they have learned here. We commence a regular daily half-hour's instruction in the Catechism next month. Expect to lose some pupils and meet some opposition but we are here to teach religion and the most we can do is none too much."

In the letter of September 3 Mrs. Arms mentions a headache that had kept her from writing as usual, speaks of making some necessary calls, and then says: "Well, 'tis now after nine o'clock and I am just home from choir meeting. You'd be surprised could you know how much more I could sing now, than I used to do at home. I think Jesus just helps me in this matter as in all others. Often I am the leading soprano, while again and again I lead the boys for an hour singing and without a piano . . . My 34th birthday has come and gone since I wrote you. Birthdays in this country are always celebrated. We had goose for dinner and they came over from the other school to an evening tea."

A month later, October 6, the news was not so good: "I'm too sleepy to write, but I'll commence my letter. First let me assure you that we are all here and all safe and well, but we have been in danger. On September 29 I was teaching as usual in my schoolroom. It was four o'clock and I was busy with my last recitation when I smelled smoke quite strongly. I stepped to the door, opened it and saw in an instant the smoke and even flames bursting from the building in which is kitchen, pantry, and servants' rooms. In one of the unoccupied rooms Olive had her playthings. At two

o'clock I saw her playing in the room. She went to the schoolroom with me but at three o'clock went back to play in her house. At sight of the bursting flames my heart stood still. Without a word, I walked across the patio to the other building. Met here one of the larger boys. 'Where is Olive?' was my first question, to which in the same breath he replied, 'I've just taken Olive from the burning room. She is in your room now.' I rushed on, saw that she was safe, though she was quite pale and trembled with fright, to the kitchen. Here servants were running and screaming, people were gathering and Goodsil could not be found. The fire was confined mostly to one room which was filled with shavings and wood. The boys as they rushed to their homes spread the alarm all through the city. We carried water, everybody worked, carpenters, masons, large boys and servants. Soon Goodsil came running and he was worth about 500 of the others. Three fire companies were soon here—in half an hour I should think—and a good stream of water was playing upon the fire which by this time was quite a little blaze. All the rooms in the building were emptied, everything was taken out. Thousands of people collected on the streets, lining it on both sides. We locked doors and gates and kept out as many as possible, but all the same the boys and some men got in the sleeping rooms and commenced throwing things out of the windows on to the street below. As soon as I found out about it, I stopped it completely, myself ordering men and boys all below. Mrs. Manuel Soffia, our Spanish neighbor across the way, opened her doors and directed her servants to take all the things into their passageway. Wasn't it very kind? I do not know as one single thing was lost. This confusion need not have been, for this building remained untouched and it made much extra work . . . Goodsil says, 'It has almost paid me just to see how kind people here are.' "

The same letter says, "We are busy now getting ready for our Boys' Entertainment which we hope to give October 31 in the chapel. The painters are making

it look very pretty. Goodsil has solicited to furnish the chapel. Has \$215 I think. We give \$50 which buys one chandelier. Mrs. LaFetra gives the other. We think we will give the pulpit too. Carpenters have been busy this week in the other buildings. The roof is on and the servants go back tonight to that building."

The next letter had the program of the Boys' Entertainment, which included vocal and piano music, recitations in English, Spanish, French, and German, and a scene from Shakespeare in four languages. Then she said: "Two months to our long vacation. How eagerly we all wait for it! We have rented a cottage at the beach, not a summer resort, but where we can be entirely by ourselves, and we all plan to go together there."

On December 12, 1889, she wrote: "Sunday, December 1st, was a red letter day in Chile Methodism, for on that day we dedicated our little chapel. 'Tis one of three in all Chile. And a pleasanter room you can hardly find. The walls are very prettily painted, the ceiling above is light blue, the cornice, unusually heavy, is of several colors—soft and delicate—Goodsil achieved a great triumph in the pews, which every one enjoys. The wood is stained dark and varnished—very pretty. The two windows to the street have shutters; the other two are of etched and stained glass. The chandeliers are beauties—one the gift of Mr. and Mrs. LaFetra—the other ours. Matting covers all the aisles, Brussels carpet the platform. An organ occupies one end of the platform which extends across one end of the room, a book case with S.S. books, &c, the other. The pulpit and two upholstered chairs are on a smaller raised platform. A little table for flowers or communion is in front. How I wish you could really see it. The furnishings have all come from the people here. Mr. LaFetra conducted the dedicatory services and preached the sermon. Mr. Allis of the Presbyterian Mission preached at four o'clock. Mr. Boomer and Sr. Jorquera, the resident Presbyterian ministers, were present and assisted.

Mr. Corrie came up to play for us and Mr. Brown picked up a nice choir. They gave us a nice anthem. In the afternoon we had communion and Mr. and Mrs. Brown joined on probation. Services were held each evening of that week. There were no conversions, so far as we know, but thoughts were awakened which will not soon slumber. Only Eternity will reveal the results of our efforts.

"Oh, we are so delighted with our chapel. It seems to really rest me to enter it. Now if we can only have a minister to relieve Goodsil. Everything is so much more harmonious than last year, and yet—the lions are not all chained. Well for us, probably, they are not. If you've seen mother's last letters you know about our proposed summering at Tomé sea beach, though Goodsil and I shall be obliged to be here most of the time. I've hoped I'd not be obliged to teach next year, as the care of the two houses, the boys' clothes, the board, the servants, and general calls is quite enough, but it is so much easier doing the work myself than getting some one else to do it as I wish that I guess I must remain in the schoolroom. On Friday evening is to be the last meeting of the boys' Loyal Temperance Legion and I have promised them ice cream. On Saturday evening comes our W.C.T.U. parlor meeting with tea to furnish and our oven is just horrible. Financially this is the best year in the history of the school and we shall have a new stove in vacation I think."

The next letter was written from Santiago while Mr. and Mrs. Arms were attending the "Annual Conference," which at that time was only a meeting of the workers for reports and consideration of the work. There was no organization of the kind found in the rest of Methodism until after the General Conference of 1892. At this meeting in 1890 a petition was framed, asking that all the South American churches and ministers be admitted to some conference in the United States, and that a presiding elder be appointed. During the year 1890 they were admitted as the Chile District of the

Cincinnati Conference. In 1893 this became the Chile District of the South American Conference.

Mrs. Arms wrote at some length about the appointment of Dr. Juan Canut de Bon as local preacher for the Spanish work at Coquimbo. This appointment had far-reaching consequences, not only because Dr. Canut was the first of the Methodist Spanish preachers, but because he was such an enthusiastic pastor that he drew much attention and opposition. In fact, he and his family were stoned on their way home from church services. Dr. Canut accepted this abuse as his share in the sufferings of the Master, Whose he was and Whom he served. By way of abuse his followers were given the name "Canutos," and that name is still applied to Protestants in Chile.

Later in January, 1890, Mrs. Arms wrote: "We came home from Conference one week ago Wednesday. Commenced at once the repairs to be done this vacation, and to-night are pretty well torn up. Are putting in gas, wainscoting the halls, finishing new dormitories, painting and papering boys' rooms, salon and office, *putting on a zinc roof*, a new cornice, and doing considerable refurnishing."

About the middle of February she wrote about the completion of these improvements and the remodeled and redecorated rooms. "We are so rejoiced in the change. And now comes the best of all. The Committee cablegram 'Sent 1000 Pounds for Concepción mortgage.' This is about \$9,600 and will pay nearly every dollar of our indebtedness. Then we shall have the \$1000 each year for the Spanish work. Is it not almost too good to be true? . . . The prospect for students is good. Goodsil has got no vacation, but the coming year will not be as hard as last. A new Spanish professor is to live with us and will help in the care of the boys. Mr. and Mrs. Brown have moved into our kitchen chambers and he will help on Saturday and Sunday. Then the Director of the Girls' School expects to marry in April—a missionary from the north, and he may give some assist-

ance in church work, though Conference does not release Goodsil from the pastorate."

On March 9 the letter said, "Mr. Krauser preaches in our chapel tonight, while Mr. Yanez has taken several of the boys to Spanish service. School opened last Monday with twice the number of students we had last year the first day. We have 18 boarders here today but sixteen more are positively expected. Miss Ecedora Pierson and Mr. Yanez are entering upon the work nicely. You see the Lord has sent us help and I think we shall get along quite nicely. The house is so much nicer and more convenient, the servants are better in every respect, we have the language sufficiently well to be able to converse intelligibly, and we have learned to a certain extent how to meet the peculiarities of the various teachers. I have learned how to arrange my housework more systematically and Goodsil has to spend much less time with his books. All in all I hope our hardest year is passed.

"The mother of two of our servants died a week ago Saturday, and last Sunday she was buried. She was really a nice old lady. We went to see her several times while she was sick and did all we could for her. After her death I asked the girls—there are left four sisters, two of whom work for us—if they would like us to come and pray and sing at the house before the body was buried. They said yes, and so last Sunday P.M. we hired a coach and went out. The house consists of one room with the dirt for a floor and one small window. There were three beds, a bench and three or four chairs. The coffin was in the center of the room on a little square table about one foot high. This table was the eating table of the family, all sitting about it on the floor. Everything was scrupulously clean. At the corners of the coffin burned four candles in tall candlesticks. The friends knelt in a circle about the coffin. When we arrived they were all saying the Catholic prayers for the dead. With this ended, we read a chapter in the Bible, prayed, sang 'O think of the Home over

there' in Spanish, talked a bit, sang again, and were dismissed."

Toward the end of March she lamented the non-arrival of letters and then continued: "I'm sure I don't know what we could do did we not feel so sure of the friends we have left. Companionship, confidence, love we do not get here in the oldtime measure. The hearts ache for you all very many times but Jesus is with us, and our faith has not yet wavered that he called us to Chile. O pray much for us that we have none other than the mind that was in Christ, and that in all our work we be allowed to make no mistakes. We feel more and more forcibly the responsibilities of our position . . .

"On next Sunday Mr. Krauser preaches on temperance in the morning and we have a temperance public meeting in the evening. I am to have an essay on 'Personal Responsibility' — an old one I used once at home, remodelled and readjusted. The W.C.T.U. is re-organized with Miss Stout this year for President . . . O we do enjoy our house so much now, and the prospect of rain before long does not now terrify us."

The next available letter, that of July 8, 1890, tells of another Fourth of July celebration, of the progress of the temperance work, and of the conversion of one of the small boys. "Our little Carlos is really trying to be a Christian. I think I have written you how he asked us all to teach him to pray, how he came to our rooms to read his little Testament, away from the boys, and how he delighted to talk with us and have us pray with him. He was perfectly frank about it all, though I suppose the boys have teased him a good deal. He came to me the day after his first attendance at class-meeting, asking if one needed to give a testimony in the chapel, if he wished to be a Christian. I said they generally wanted to do so. 'Well, I want to. Can I?' 'Certainly.' 'But perhaps I don't know how. Would you tell me?' Then, after I had suggested one or two simple things he added, 'I thought of this. Will it be a testi-

mony? When I was at home I did not know God or the Bible. But I came here. A teacher gave me a Bible. I have read it very much and they have taught me and now I want to love Jesus and be a Christian.' Of course I thought this was all right and Goodsil said he gave substantially that when he called on him."

After making plans for the sending home and the distribution among friends of the photographs which had been taken on Olive's fifth birthday, she says: "But Goodsil says I had better wait until our affairs in the government here are more settled. Fears they might get lost now. There is disagreement between the President and the Cabinet. Heretofore the President has had nearly absolute power and this the people wish stopped. How it will end we cannot tell, but of course we hope peaceably. All revenue is stopped. Even postage stamps are not sold, and there is some anxiety. Do not feel troubled. 'God is our refuge and strength.' Do not be anxious if mails are irregular. Our postage stamps may give out." This was the beginning of the Balmaceda Revolution.

President Balmaceda had spent a great part of the immense income derived from the saltpeter mined in the territory taken from Bolivia in the war of 1879 in the construction of new railroads, schools, warships, and cannon. Then he intervened in the election of members of Congress, and selected a Cabinet whose members were not acceptable to Congress. This body refused to authorize the usual taxes for the support of the administration. President Balmaceda refused to call a session of Congress, but on January 1, 1891, he called for the same taxes as the year before. Vergara says in his history: "With this the President set himself in rebellion against the laws of his country and executed a truly revolutionary act." The majority of the Congress moved to Valparaiso and with the aid of the navy set up a revolution, which reached its height in a battle on August 28. Then the President left the Palace of the Moneda and went to the Argentine Embassy, where he remained until September 19, when he committed suicide.

The only letter available from those days was written to Mrs. Clara Maxham Sherburne on August 31, 1891. "My dear Clara,—It is Monday afternoon. Lunch is just over, and it is a most perfect day. You will wonder why I am not in school, and perhaps the best way is to tell you the story up to this present moment, tho' we can yet send no mail and we do not know the end.

"One week ago Wednesday the troops commenced leaving the city. No regular trains have been run since except for their use. By Friday noon nearly every regiment had left Concepción. It seemed nice to be quiet, but the news of terrible fighting near Valparaiso made all hearts anxious. Everything remained quiet here, with the city under strict martial law. A sentinel was placed at our corner and his shrill call for the countersign from every passer-by greatly disturbed our slumbers. All public stores or eating-houses, indeed, every public place, was ordered closed at eight o'clock. Houses were closed at nine o'clock, after which time no one without permission was allowed on the streets. Any failure in any of the orders was promptly punished with fines or imprisonment. We continued quietly about our work and dismissed school as usual on Saturday noon.

"About 12 o'clock came the report that the Opposition forces had won. In a few minutes the streets were thronged with people. A company of horsemen went through the streets reading at every corner the President's acknowledgement of defeat. Everybody in the streets seemed to be rejoicing, which shows how strongly is this city against Balmaceda's government. Bells rang from every church tower, men and women embraced upon the streets, handkerchiefs waved and soon flags were fluttering in the breeze. Mr. Arms and the men went out with the boys. I had quite enough to guard the house and watch the crowds who surged past. At dinner time Goodsil returned saying that the Government newspaper office had been closed, that the

prisoners in the jail—confined for political causes, I suppose—had been freed and that evil was then begun. He had seen the beautiful home of one of our patrons utterly destroyed. Every article was seized by the rabble—men tearing down and putting in sacks and carrying away. One of our neighbors is an ardent supporter of the Government and we knew the mob would not leave his home without an attack. Goodsil secreted books, papers, &c. as quickly as possible. We had dinner and prayers. Were on our knees when the shouts of the mob first reached us. Not a boy moved, be it said to their credit. On they came with clubs and stones and yelling as only drunken, infuriated wretches can yell. We closed our shutters, locked the doors and gates, and waited. I was not afraid, unless it be for those under my charge. The little ones I put in the kitchen with Olive and the servants. The larger ones watched from the windows above. Goodsil was obliged to go out and for a little I had entire care, Mr. Allen also being away. But I felt it was *all right*. They could not harm us unless Father let them. They pounded at the doors of the house opposite and broke some windows, then went away. Soon they surged back again, and then again went away without doing further damage. A third time they came more furious than before, but the police were on hand. The new Intendente (Governor of the Province) himself came and talked with them and again they went away to return only once more, and then in smaller numbers and with less noise. They pounded at our gate once—and that was all.

“All along the street there are broken windows, in some places there is hardly a whole pane or sash left until you reach us—then there is not even a crack, and we have no outside shutters and our windows are just even with the wall. The house they were attacking has some broken glass and a broken panel. The two houses opposite are all right. Why they stopped here I know not, but I am bound to believe God heard our cry to him and protected us. I think seven houses were attacked and robbed that night, nothing, not even the

casings, grates, wall-paper, or floor-boards being left. At nine o'clock our part of the city was quiet. We did not think it best to be off our guard and so Mr. Allen and Mr. Arms kept guard until past midnight. We heard no more save the passing of the police every hour and an occasional shot, just to let people know they were around.

"Sabbath morning dawned bright and beautiful and we were preparing for church, when the hideous yells were again heard and the crowds rushed into the hotel opposite. With a few words from the two young men and the widowed proprietress, they retired. They went to other despachos and the Civil Register's office and home. This and everything in it was quickly demolished. Soon the *citizens* rallied. Every one who would take them was supplied with arms and constituted a member of the police force. These squads paraded the streets all day and were on duty all night. Everything near us was quiet all night, and most of us slept. The report that 4,000 miners were on their way to join the rioters proved not true.

"This morning we expected to have school, but the police force said no stores or banks would open to-day; that the trouble was only quieted, not dead. Only a few boys came anyway and those few we sent home, preferring to have no more than necessary on our hands should there be further disturbance. Thus far everything has been all quiet save the crowds on the streets and the excited little groups which gather at the corners. We hear troops are expected to arrive to-day.

"At Santiago, rumor says, they have had terrible times, but we cannot believe anything we hear. I do not really expect further trouble. We have five boys with us from those demolished homes to remain until some provision can be made for them by their parents. They haven't a scrap of anything except the clothes they have on. We have no beds for them but put them in with the others.

"Tuesday morning—This is as beautiful a May morning as ever I saw at home—cold enough for a fire here

in the room where I am writing. The night was very quiet about us, disturbances if there were any being confined to the outskirts. This morning it seems to me I am more thankful than ever before to our kind Heavenly Father for all the love and care that have so manifestly been about us. The city is not quiet and I suppose will not be until after the arrival of the troops. Our outside pupils came in small numbers this morning, but as stores and banks were not opened, and no other school in the city was in session, we took another holiday. O how I wish I could fly and spend the day with you . . .

"I'll not be able to send these pages for some time, perhaps, and if I add no more you may conclude that everything is quiet, and we about our regular work. 'Tis a long time since we've received any home mail."

Several letters which Mrs. Arms wrote to Mrs. Lasure, her Sunday-school teacher in early years, are worth quoting here. "I regret much that I have been so long in replying to your nice, *helpful* letter. But both Goodsil and I have continued to carry the double burden which some one must assume, and so our own plans of action seldom get carried out. When it has seemed as if we must fail we have prayed the Father and He has helped. I must forever praise God for the proof I have had in Chile of Jesus' present control over sickness, weakness, and weariness . . . O my dear friend, do not think too highly of me or my work. I am nothing. It is nothing. 'Had I a thousand lives to give, Lord, they should all be thine.' I'll learn of you still, in that sweet land to which we hasten. Chile has brought to me the hardest trials of my life, and all from unexpected sources, but they have revealed my weaknesses and driven me to my Refuge. Pray for me. Pray for our work. And may God bless you, the one who helped me most in those early days to see Jesus . . ."

The letter of September 25, 1892, says: "Yesterday afternoon was to have been spent with you, but a

sadder duty was mine to perform. On Friday night we received mail and to me came the sad particulars of my dear Cousin Edward's death. He died with pneumonia in a hotel in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, none of his friends reaching there until after his death. For the past fifteen years we have loved each other with a brother's and sister's love. I am six years older than he. In all the world, save my husband and child, there was not such a dearly loved friend, and so his death is the hardest parting I have known since my own mother left me . . . Yesterday I spent the entire day in writing his mother, Laura, the nurse, and the hotel-keeper where he died.

"I wrote you in February last, so it must have been after Goodsil's shipwreck, but as you do not mention it I probably did not write at length about it. For his health's sake, as we thought the sea voyage might be beneficial, he went north to our District Conference at Coquimbo. Not alone for selfish ends, either, did he go, for our numbers are so few that there is a positive necessity for all who can to be present at our business gatherings. I was not needed and for the first time I braced myself to let him go without me. On his return, on the morning of our wedding anniversary, the day when I was expecting him to return, the ship ran upon the rocks. All lives were saved and *he* really suffered little inconvenience. He lost his baggage—\$150 in this money, perhaps, and was delayed an entire week in reaching home. Though his was the real danger, mine was the suffering, for we were eighteen hours in getting any report concerning the loss of life. O the horror of that night! But God spared him. One minute would have made so much difference. How I have thanked God for His goodness. But the shock was too much for me, worn out as I was, and all summer I was very poorly.

"In April Mr. Allen, our Main Room teacher, was taken with severe bronchial hemorrhages. For six weeks we felt great fear for his life. From the first

he turned to me and no one could lift him, feed him, soothe him, or give remedies as acceptably as I. I freely gave myself to his care and for my own brother I could have done no more, but all the time I was obliged to carry on my schoolroom work. He rallied after the hemorrhages were checked, and started for his home in Canada. A card received this last week announces his safe arrival in New York . . . Helpers arriving for Santiago, one of their teachers was sent us, so we shall have some relief the remainder of the year.

“Goodsil has the care of the Girls’ School this year. A new building has been bought, but a second story must be put on and several changes made, so it will not be occupied till next year . . . From the schools comes our support, and our hands are too full to attempt much outside work, but from these thoroughly Christian schools goes out an influence we can not measure. When relief comes, Goodsil and I want to enter native work . . .

“Olive was seven years old in June. She strongly resembles a sister of Goodsil’s. Is large and self-reliant for her age, but very sensitive and tender-hearted. She has never been pushed in her studies, but is one of the quickest in her class.”

And so the work went on, and it seemed as though the “easier time” that Mrs. Arms had hoped for would never come. In April, 1890, Miss Elena Neissman, of the Girls’ School, had been married to Mr. George D. Coleman, who had been engaged in the church work in Iquique. After nearly two years of work together in Concepción, Mr. and Mrs. Coleman returned to the United States at the end of 1891. Miss Emma Grant, the daughter of Richard Grant, treasurer of the Transit and Building Fund Society, had come to Copiapó in 1885 and to Concepción in 1889. It was time for her furlough, and her going left the school without a mis-

sionary teacher. Mr. and Mrs. Arms gave up their best teacher, Miss Mary Stout, that she might be directora, and they found three former students of the school whom they employed as teachers. At the same time they sent an urgent call for help to the Committee in New York. Help arrived on May 3, 1892, in the person of Miss Marian A. Milks, a graduate of the New York City Normal College. A recent letter from Mrs. Marian Milks Reeder tells of her arrival:

"In April a cable came that a party of five teachers were on their way to relieve the truly desperate situation in Chile. May first a telegram from Santiago said 'We have arrived without mishaps,' signed LaFetra. Mr. LaFetra was the head of the Santiago College and had been to the United States for recruits.

"Now it so happened that the party of five teachers had all but one been stationed at Coquimbo and Santiago. The third of May this one girl, twenty-one years of age, was sent on in care of the American Consul who happened to be going to Concepción. Of course a telegram was sent to Mr. and Mrs. Arms to meet the young lady—but as was frequently the case—the train arrived before the telegram, although the train was two or three hours late. At ten P.M. as Mrs. Arms was retiring after caring for her sick teacher, loud knocking at the outer door told her that the long-prayed-for helpers were without.

"When she saw the one girlish face trying to smile bravely up at her from the depths of a fur collar, she restrained a groan and said 'Are you all?' The girl said, 'Yes, but I am really very well and older than I look. I graduated before I came and you will be surprised at what a lot I can help you.'

"When the girl said this, the tall, dignified lady with the mass of red hair just graying a little at the temples picked her up in her arms and sat down in an arm chair and crooned over her as a mother would over a lonely child who was not at all sure if she did right to come the 8000 miles or not. In a moment a sleepy

servant was sent in haste the five or six blocks for the directora of the girls' school, who had said that very day, 'If help does not come tomorrow we will just close the girls' school, send home the forty-some boarders, and I will come over to help you.'

"Soon she arrived and looked at the new teacher now alone in the arm chair, for Mrs. Arms had flown with rattling keys to the pantry to get out a little tea and sugar and bread and a wee speck of butter and a little jam she herself had managed to put up and to keep from those sixty hungry boys.

"After the new arrival began to partake of the nice hot tea—she had not eaten since noon and was rather hungry—Mrs. Arms asked if the girls' school lady and she could be excused for a moment. The new teacher ate and drank everything in sight and waited till the two ladies returned with rather rainbow faces—unmistakable signs of tears through which they were bravely smiling. And Mrs. Arms said, 'We have decided since there is but *one* of you and we cannot divide that one, you are to go tomorrow to the Girls' school to teach. But I have asked that you might sleep tonight under my roof in the nice clean bed I only to-day fixed for the teacher—we had hoped it would be a man and his wife who should come to help us.' It was *years* afterward that, when Mrs. Arms was telling the girl teacher that God never sent her a better gift than her own dear self, the teacher said in merry raillery, 'Yes? but you know how you wept the night I arrived because you thought me too young, too inefficient to be of much help to the station.' Then did Mrs. Arms reveal all that transpired while the hungry traveller was partaking of her tea. This is the way she told it: 'Miss Stout and I went into my room where little daughter lay asleep and we said "*Only one!*" Miss Stout said, "You shall have her." I said, "No, your need is greater; you shall have her." Back and forth this went till with our arms about each other we fell on our knees and weeping prayed the Heavenly Father to show us which

place the poor little newcomer ought to go. I seemed to feel he answered me and Miss Stout thought I might be right, so we went back to tell you.'

"Less than one year later Mr. and Mrs. Arms were transferred to the girls' school where they and this girl recruit taught and carried on lovingly as parents and daughter could for fifteen years, and only death broke the tie, quite like mother and child, that existed between these two. Never arbitrary, always yearning love governed in Mother Arms' rulings with her fellow teachers or with the hundreds of Chilean girls who were the pupils in the school over which she wisely presided."

All this year Mr. Arms was acting as principal of both schools, with all the financial cares; he was also teaching all day, but was not able to act as pastor of the church. The Committee in New York published his call for help, and the Rev. Buel O. Campbell, a graduate of Wesleyan University and a member of the New Hampshire Conference, responded. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell arrived in Chile about the first of March, 1893. They took charge of Colegio Americano and Mr. and Mrs. Arms removed to Concepción College, which was to be their home for twenty-three years.

CHAPTER III

CONCEPCION COLLEGE

During all these years Concepción College had been housed in rented buildings, usually not well adapted to school purposes, and frequently in poor condition. In one of Mrs. Arms' first letters she said, "Their building is three blocks from ours and it is in such a miserable condition from rats and rain as to be a disgrace to the Methodist Church. If our people knew the needs I am sure they would respond." And a little later: "If only some one who has the means could know of the need." Mr. Anderson Fowler, a member of the Transit and Building Fund Society, raised or gave \$20,000 for the purpose of providing a suitable building for Concepción College. On July 4, 1892, a fine property was bought on Caupolicán Street, a block and a half from the central plaza and two blocks and a half from the Alameda which Mrs. Arms described in an early letter. The work of remodeling and enlarging was begun at the New Year, 1893, and was the beginning of the fulfillment of some of the dreams of those who loved the school.

The remodeling consisted in the addition of an upper story of commodious bedrooms, with a "corridor" on two sides of the large "patio," this corridor having windows toward the patio; and in rearranging some of the rooms on the main floor so that they would form the spacious schoolrooms needed for the growing college. During the next summer seven more dormitory rooms were added, and the art studio.

Mrs. Arms' letter to Mrs. Lasure, dated March 1, 1894, mentions the death of Grandpa Beard and laments that the little house in Northfield is cold and closed. She goes on to say: "The Committee in New York voted in 1892 to purchase a new building for the Girls' School. A lot, finely located in the center of the city, was bought

and a new house erected. Mr. Arms had the building in charge and when the appointments were made we were changed from the Boys' to the Girls' School. I disliked to leave the only home I had known in Chile, but we are much pleasanter situated here and now we would not care to go back to the Boys' School. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell came to that school and we are the very best of friends. We opened school two weeks late with all the disadvantages of an unfinished house and an insufficient supply of teachers. The carpenters could only keep a little in advance of the numbers who sought admission and yet no teachers came. And so the year passed with only four teachers in the house. We had 25 boarders and an enrollment of 95 and every one of us worked just as hard as we possibly could. We had a delightful year with the most perfect harmony and love among teachers and pupils, but the strain was too prolonged. Early in the year my health commenced to fail and all my work was done in great bodily weakness. School closed at Christmas and immediately I was prostrated with a low intermittent fever which has never left me during the summer. I have been dressed and about the house nearly every day, but of course with fever, chills, sweats, &c, &c, I am weak and strengthless.

"This year, however, I have doubled my number of teachers and so shall not be overworked myself. Indeed, for the present I shall not teach at all. There is talk also about our year's vacation and so it is possible you may see us before another year is passed. I wish you could all come and see us. The house is Spanish in architecture, that is, the rooms are arranged around the four sides of a central square. Each room opens upon a wide corridor and to pass from room to room we need to step outside. The corridor protects from rain and we think the outdoor life is good for us. We have in the front yard five beautiful orange trees. In the back yard there are peach, orange, lemon, pear, plum, and cherry trees, all of which have well rewarded us this year with fruit.

"Our success in the mission work this year has been very gratifying. From north to south of Chile there is an ever increasing demand for Bibles and tracts, while the number of conversions in our schools and native churches has been largely augmented. We commenced Spanish church work here the past year, and the pastor stationed here opened work in two frontier towns. Each college pays from its income \$100 per month for the maintenance of this work. The first convert, a bright young Spanish merchant, passed a very fine examination and was admitted to Conference at its recent session. Goodsil went over the Andes to the Conference at Mendoza."

This letter also mentions Miss Alice H. Fisher, the art teacher who had come to Chile with the Campbells. She was a graduate of a Pennsylvania normal school. Though her specialty was art, she was able and willing to teach any class in any grade, to work in the Sunday school, and do whatever else she found to do.

The first year in the new house had been Mrs. Arms' fifth year of almost superhuman labor in the schools. The work had never become lighter, for as she became better acquainted with the language and the country, her opportunities for wider contacts and broader fields of work offered themselves. The summer of 1894, that is, January and February, had been the fifth vacation spent in building and confusion, and this time she was not well enough to recuperate as usual. In April she became very ill and an operation became necessary. She was taken to the German hospital in Valparaiso that she might have the best medical attention then to be secured in Chile. Miss Milks and Miss Fisher were left in charge of the school. Olive was taken to Santiago College. For ten days after the operation Mrs. Arms' recovery seemed very doubtful. The prayers of all her friends in Chile ascended to the Throne day and night, and in time she improved. Then the doctors said that the operation which they had performed had been an easy one, but that there was a very serious and unusual trouble which they did not dare

touch; the best medical skill in the United States would be required. Her condition was still critical. She was a poor sailor, and the voyage to New York would require at least thirty days. It seemed an impossible journey, but Mr. and Mrs. Arms took the matter to the Lord and placed her absolutely in His hands.

On May 20, 1894, she was taken on board the steamer *Puno*, in her bathrobe, as she was still too weak to dress. Olive had come from Santiago, and the united family started for New York. All the missionaries were praying for her safe arrival and her restoration to health. When the steamer stopped at Iquique her co-workers there joined in a special service of intercession. And as they sailed along she continued to improve. Their trip by rail across the Isthmus of Panama was almost prevented by a fire that was raging at the time, yet no harm came to them. They reached New York on Sunday, June 21, Olive's ninth birthday. By that time Mrs. Arms felt so much better that she decided to go to Mr. Arms' old home farm at Richford, in the north of Vermont. Their arrival was a surprise to all their relatives and friends, as no letters written since their decision to go home had come any faster than the ship on which they came home.

Then Mrs. Arms had two and a half months of rest, relaxation, and happy companionship with the Arms family and some of her nearest friends. In September she went to the Methodist Hospital in Brooklyn, ready for the operation, but to her surprise and joy the doctors said, "We find conditions abnormal but healed; no operation is necessary." With this favorable report, the Committee were glad to say that she might return to Chile at the end of a suitable furlough.

The family reunion on the Arms farm was brought to an end by the long-considered sale of the farm. The father and mother visited children in Eaton, Colorado, and in Washington, D.C., before going to live with Mr. and Mrs. Selden Currier in Tarpon Springs, Florida. Mr. and Mrs. Arms made a round of joyous

visits to friends, relatives and places that were dear to them. They went to East Dover, where they had begun their married life, and to Wilmington, where Olive was born. They visited cousins in and around Boston and in New York. They even went up the long hill to "Aunt Lydia's" farm, where Ida had visited in her childhood. Here Olive had her first experience of snow, as she could not remember the winters before she was three years old. When Aunt Lydia boiled some of the last spring's maple syrup and made "wax" on the snow for Olive, the little girl felt that her happiness was complete. During the last two weeks of their stay in the United States they were with Mr. Arms' sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Chappell, in Washington, D.C. Here Olive saw the loveliest Christmas tree that could be imagined, and received her share of the presents from it.

Then they sailed away again. This time the sea and the Isthmus presented no unknown hardships. The joy of going back to their work of building Christian characters, schools, and churches made the journey short. On January 25, 1895, they were back in Santiago with Bishop Fitzgerald, ready for the Annual Conference.

The members of the school in Concepción were no less glad to see them than they were to get back. Miss Milks and Miss Fisher gave a good report of their stewardship. In fact, an event of great importance had occurred at the close of the school year. In December, 1894, the first graduating class of Concepción College had received their diplomas. Five girls, Amelia Arenas, Beatrice Bedwell, Rosa Bert, Lydia Grey, and Laura Koeppen, had become the first of nearly 200 graduates of that school. In June, 1894, Miss Charlotte Vimont and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Everett Wilson had arrived and begun work. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were graduates of Cornell College in Iowa, in the classes of 1892 and 1891. These new workers were of the greatest help to the school. Mr. Wilson learned Spanish quickly and well, and was helpful not only in the church which had taken so much of Mr. Arms' and Mr. Campbell's time,

but also in the Spanish church which was started in 1893. Miss Vimont was a very fine kindergarten teacher and soon built up that department of the school.

The records of the next eight years are not to be found, as those of earlier years have been, in any complete series of Mrs. Arms' letters. Others who were associated with her have helped to fill in the picture. Miss Vimont contributed the following letter:

"In looking over a diary I kept while in Chile, I find the first mention of Mrs. Arms is under date of August 29, '95: 'This being a bright, sunshiny day, all the beds were put out to air. As we marched in to 'desayuno' this morning Mrs. Arms stood guard at the dining-room door armed with a spoon and a box of sulphur. By the time the last girl had entered the room the sulphur had been almost all discharged.'

"I see Mrs. Arms as a tall, red-haired woman walking sedately through the corridors. She never hurried, nor ever seemed ruffled by outward circumstances. Her calm and poise inspired confidence in her teachers to whom she was always loyal. Tho' she may not have always agreed with a teacher in her discipline, no pupil ever knew of this. It remained a matter for private discussion with the teacher.

"One night I went down to mail a letter after the girls were in bed, and I found Mrs. Arms walking in the corridors looking up at the stars. She was seeking strength and courage this night, for Olive, her only child, was sick with diphtheria. 'I did not know I cared so much more for Olive than the other children until she got sick. She is a member of our missionary family.'

"With Mr. and Mrs. Arms we young teachers truly felt we were one family. It was not difficult for me to say 'Father Arms,' as my own dear father was living in the States, but for me to say 'Mother Arms' was more difficult, tho' we usually spoke of them in this way.

"Mr. and Mrs. Arms were at home on furlough when I arrived in Chile with four other workers, the first

sent out by the Parent Board after the transfer of the work to the Missionary Society.

"Numberless times I have recorded in my diary the subjects of talks given by Mrs. Arms to the girls or to the women at Sunday school or in the W.C.T.U. group which she organized among the native women of the church.

"During our summer vacation in February of 1896 I find mention of Mrs. Arms. We were at Puchoco, where an English gentleman, Mr. Burrows, had furnished us with a house, free of rent, by the sea, for the summer. Oh! those blessed days of rest and fellowship at Puchoco!

"The young ministers of our household at Puchoco acted like boys let out of school and they thought it a good joke on me because I kept telling them they would have to behave when Mr. Arms arrived in a few days. I had never seen Mr. Arms away from the school where he was always dignified, quiet, and busy, so I was not prepared for the mischief and pranks that followed his arrival. Mrs. Arms always took life seriously and I have written in my diary: 'Mrs. Arms went up on the hill to-day to watch the bathers. Coming back she stopped to talk with a poor wash-woman. I am glad she told me about it. Christ helped the poor, tired, sick souls and I rejoice that he has disciples now who do the same.' "

By this time the work of carrying the Gospel to the poor and ignorant of Chile was well under way. During the early years of the work in Concepción the missionaries had remained in the schools only a few years, had learned only a little Spanish, and had confined their church and Sunday-school work to the pupils of the schools and to English-speaking people. Spanish work had begun earlier in the north. In 1890 Dr. Juan Canut de Bon had been appointed local preacher for the Spanish work at Coquimbo, where he had attracted

much attention and persecution. Mr. Arms had begun Sunday-school work in Spanish as soon as he could after his arrival. In 1893 Dr. Canut was appointed to Concepción. For a while services were held in the chapel which Mr. Arms had built in connection with the Colegio, and later in a rented house in Maipú Street. In Concepción Dr. Canut found no persecution but an indifference which was much harder for him to bear.

Among Dr. Canut's converts in this city was Mrs. Mary M. Rocca, a refined and cultured woman, who is important in this story because she led one of the earlier students of Colegio Americano to read the Bible and to wish for salvation in Christ, though he was far from taking any further step at that time.

An unexpected incident seems to have been used by Divine Providence to save that situation for Julio Samuel Valenzuela. Mr. and Mrs. Arms, his former teachers, with Bishop Fitzgerald and Dr. Charles W. Drees from Buenos Aires, had just arrived from the United States and were announced for Sunday service at the chapel on Maipú Street. Mrs. Rocca's invitation to Samuel Valenzuela to come to the service and see his friends was very welcome, so much so that he forgot the storm of opposition which his going to a Protestant meeting would bring from his own people at home and from his friends. He knew that he would even endanger his position in the "Banco de Santiago," a genuine Catholic institution, where he was working at that time.

But this first coming to church on that memorable 17th of February, 1895, was indeed the starting point of a new and active life as a Christian. This new religion became so real and beautiful to him that the old life at home with its social obligations and worldly habits was put aside, and he showed great activity and faithfulness from the very beginning. It can easily be seen how he became a welcome guest of Mr. and Mrs. Arms at the College and from this mutual friendship an intimacy developed which the years only made stronger.

By the end of the year Samuel Valenzuela was ready to leave home and his work in the bank to enter the Theological Seminary in Argentina. Yet he came near being held back, not so much by the opposition from his own home, hard and even violent as that developed, as by business prospects. Just when he had resigned from the Catholic bank in order to prepare for the ministry, he was offered a better employment in the "Banco de Chile," the strongest institution of its kind at that time in Concepción. On February 20, 1896, Samuel left Concepción, by recommendation of the Mission Conference, to attend the Methodist Theological Seminary at Mercedes, Argentina, where he remained for two years. Then he returned to Concepción in poor health, and having no home, he came to live in the college and began his work as assistant pastor of the Concepción Church.

Mr. Arms' duties as Superintendent of the Southern District, a very important work which was growing rapidly during those years, kept him absent from Concepción a great deal of the time. For the next four years Samuel found himself doing most of the work of the pastor of the Concepción and Talcahuano churches. He was received on trial at the Conference of 1898. In 1903 he received Elder's orders, and that year he went to the United States with the Arms family to study at Drew Theological Seminary for two years.

In 1890 Mr. Arms' nephew, Edwin P. Currier, a graduate of Wesleyan University, had come to teach in Colegio Americano. He learned Spanish quickly and was very active in the Sunday school. He was instrumental in the conversion of an Italian tailor, Cayetano Signorelli, who became one of the leading "national pastors" of later years. Mr. Currier went home for his second furlough when Mr. and Mrs. Arms went home in 1903, and he did not return to Chile.

One of the most far-reaching results of Mrs. Arms' furlough was the coming of Dorothy Richard as a member of the Concepción College family. When Mrs. Arms

was the pastor's wife in Newport, Vermont, she had a little missionary circle called the "Busy Bees." In this circle was a little girl named Dorothy Richard, whose grandparents had come from Switzerland to engage in evangelistic work among the Catholics of Canada. In 1892 Dorothy entered Mount Holyoke, which was just changing from a Young Ladies' Seminary to a real women's college. During her four years there she became deeply interested in the work and ideals of the Student Volunteers. On December 4, 1894, while Mrs. Arms was at home on her furlough, she wrote a letter to Dorothy, saying:

"The conviction is forcing itself upon many that you will some day join the missionary workers in foreign lands . . . Should you feel that the Master wished you in other lands to work for Him after your preparation days are finished, I will ask you to consider long and prayerfully our Chile—its needs and our desires." And she went on to speak of the vacancy among her teachers which would be waiting for Dorothy in two years. For the first time, Dorothy definitely suggested to her parents the possibility of her going to the foreign field.

While Mrs. Arms was sailing down the West Coast on her way back to Chile, she wrote again, mentioning her stop in Iquique and the calls that came for help. "I am glad in returning. I could not stay away.

"Now, my dear, wait until you hear the Voice. Do not think of Chile because *I* have called you to my help. Wait and listen and we'll pray, and by and by you will know in your inmost soul that your work for the Master is here. I hope it may be so, but on no account would I dare influence you. Meantime, be careful of your health and strength. Your body is God's temple. I fear overwork most for you. By it I lost many years of service . . . Even should Miss Milks not take her vacation in two years, there is and will still be work for you somewhere . . . There are privations and denials, tears, and some loneliness, dangers and possibly sickness and death in this faraway land; but believe me,

if you are one of the ones whom the Lord chooses for this work, you will receive the thousand fold in this life even."

Dorothy made her decision in April, 1895, became a Student Volunteer, and then spent the rest of her college course in still more definite preparations for work in Chile. Two other letters are at hand that Mrs. Arms wrote to Dorothy before she sailed. In the one of April 27, 1896, among other things, she said:

"I am thankful every day for the privilege of laboring here. Tell the dear ones that they will be glad by and by to have you here, and after a time it does not seem so far away. Though we propose to make it a 'lifework' each missionary is given a vacation in which to visit home whenever health or time of service seem to demand it. Goodsil and I went to Father Arms' from Chile having been gone six years. A brother had been absent in California more than nine years. Goodsil has a larger part of the Superintendent and Presiding Elder work this year, beside being pastor of our native church here. New points all about us are calling for the Gospel. He also goes each Sunday to Talcahuano Bay, nine miles away, for a Bethel service. School opens well here in Concepción. Forty-three boarders, ten day-boarders, and an enrollment of 112 is a good number for the first months . . ."

In the letter of November 9 Mrs. Arms said: "We hear that Mr. LaFetra is to return in January. If possible do not miss the opportunity of returning with him. Beside being a delightful traveling companion, he can give you an insight as none other into the work to which you are coming, and can take such good care of you on the journey that we shall all feel quite easy about you . . . You may have other traveling companions, probably will have them. It may be some fine old Bishop will adopt you as his special charge . . . We are all as usual in health. I am better than for nearly a year, but all my teachers are tired out and it is a question if some of them do not get sick before the

year ends. Mr. Arms is now in the north, but we hope for his return tomorrow. He wrote me that twelve new members were received in Valparaiso on Sunday and there were two marriages. All over Chile our work is developing rapidly."

In a letter which Mrs. Arms wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Richard while Dorothy was on the sea, she gave more details: "At our Tuesday evening prayermeeting here in Concepción fifty-six were present and every moment was filled with the prayers or testimonies of those who count this past year as the best of their lives. Two years ago we commenced in the native work with a congregation of six. As we compare that time with the present we say, 'What hath God wrought!' Oh, how I love this people! And how glad we are to see the change come over their faces as the dear Christlove shines in their hearts.

"On Monday Goodsil plans to leave for his fourth visit to the churches of the south. Olive and I think to go with him, at least to as many places as my strength will permit. For the rest of the time we shall remain in the country with two of our girls from the school . . . We'll get back home just in time to welcome Dorothy, if she comes with Mr. LaFetra. And we'll take her right away with us to where our teachers are spending the month of January, in beautiful Puchoco. The sea will sing to her, the bathing strengthen her, and the rambles over the hills will make her think of dear old Newport.

"A special New Year's service was held this morning in Talcahuano, nine miles away, where Goodsil preaches every Sunday morning. He has been going only five weeks, but the attendance and interest are good. At every point our numbers are steadily gaining, while calls to open new fields are frequent. We are very glad of the increased appropriation and more thankful still that the Missionary Society at last adopts this field. Not yet are they fully awake to the needs or the possibilities, but the future will convince them

that our pleading has not been in vain. Have I said to you, if I have I'll repeat it, I'd rather be a missionary in Chile to-day than the queen upon any throne."

On December 30, 1896, Dorothy sailed from New York on the Steamer *Advance*, with Mr. LaFetra and Miss Adda G. Burch, another new teacher for Concepción College. They reached Concepción on the first of February, 1897. Miss Burch was a teacher of some years' experience. She took charge of the intermediate grades, and for fourteen years she stuck to her post with no furlough. She never learned Spanish well enough to work in the Spanish Church nor to reach the hearts of the schoolgirls by using their own language, yet by her faithfulness and her many acts of kindness she filled an important place in the life of the school and in the English Church.

The vacation month of February, 1897, was spent in adjusting themselves to the new country and conditions. The annual Conference was held in Santiago, beginning on February 19. Bishop Vincent, who had been holding Conference in Montevideo, presided at this meeting and then made a short visit to Concepción. The school year began on March 1. Dorothy's letters describe a city which had progressed considerably since 1888, when Mr. and Mrs. Arms arrived there. Early in January, 1898, Mrs. Arms wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Richard in Vermont: "I just wanted to write a few words to tell you how perfectly Dorothy had adapted herself to her position. There has been no shrinking or flinching. Burdens have been cheerfully borne and *everywhere* she has been indispensable. This is the truth. I do not know what we could have done without her. Of all our missionary force we consider her the best fitted by 'gifts and grace' to fulfill her God-appointed mission. You are glad as I tell you this, I know, and you'll thank the dear Father anew for what He is enabling the child of your love and prayer to accomplish."

Bishop Warren was in charge of South America for two years. He not only presided at the Conferences at Concepción in 1898 and in Santiago in 1899 but visited

the stations as no other bishop had done, came to know the work and the workers, and gave them valuable counsel. During his visit Bishop Warren and Mr. Arms went to Temuco, a town on the frontier of the Araucanian Indian country, which had had a boom and then was having hard times. The bishop advised Mr. Arms to buy a very desirable lot that he had already chosen, and to build a church, a parsonage, and rooms for a school if he could possibly finance the project. This corner lot was near the central Plaza and the government buildings, a strategic location for a Methodist Church. Mrs. Arms allowed him to invest the money which she had received by inheritance, and good friends loaned him the rest he needed. Materials were cheap in that land of forests and sawmills. The church, parsonage, and schoolrooms were built early in 1899, and some of the rooms already on the lot were rented, furnishing interest on the investment. This church became one of the most important in southern Chile.

Just in these years of progress Mr. Arms was able to cooperate with the pastors in some other frontier towns, find chances to buy land cheaply or find converts who would contribute land, and then build or remodel in such a way as to make a church. He was thus instrumental in obtaining chapels for the congregations that were growing up in Pailahueque, Perquenco, Pitrufrquén, and Freire. Other missionaries found similar opportunities in other towns, and so the mission increased in properties as rapidly as in workers to preach and teach in them. According to the laws of Chile these properties could not be held by a trustee for such a society as the Board of Foreign Missions. After much correspondence and discussion a society was formed and accepted by the Chilean government to hold legally all the properties of the Chile Mission. This, "The Andean Corporation of Constructions," was incorporated in 1905.

Other forces also were active about this time. On July 22, 1898, this part of Chile suffered one of the worst earthquakes that it had felt since the terrible

earthquake of February 20, 1835, so graphically described by Charles Darwin in *The Voyage of the Beagle*. Dorothy gave a good account of it in her letter to her mother:

“Saturday evening I lingered downstairs with Mrs. Arms somewhat later than usual. As I was about to leave her at half-past ten, there came an earthquake attended by rather more rumbling than usual. We were not at all alarmed, however, and had just remarked upon it when a second shock of great violence followed. We hastened to the door, but the sensation was like that in walking the deck of a vessel passing over troubled seas. We reached the patio and stood there some seconds before the terrible motion ceased. Mr. Arms, who was in the midst of a bath, hastily put on some clothing and rushed to the door, but could not open it at first on account of the movement in the walls. He thought the building surely must fall. The girls had been aroused from their slumbers and came shrieking down the stairs. The teachers were not at all excited, so after seeing that no serious damage had been done in the girls’ rooms we had them quieted and in bed once more in a few minutes, leaving a light burning low so that they need not be afraid. Pitchers had been overturned, books and pictures had fallen, and vases and other things in Miss Milks’ and Miss Bedwell’s rooms were broken. There were cracks in the wall in Miss Milks’ room and the room of one of the girls, and in my room about a bushel of plaster came down, bringing with it my Bodenhausen Madonna and several photographs. They were not broken, nor were my books badly injured.

“After seeing that the children were settled, apparently, for the night, I returned downstairs to find out how Mrs. Arms was feeling; she had not been well that day and the nervous strain was hard for her. I had been there hardly ten minutes when a third earthquake, not so severe as its predecessor, sent us out into the patio. The girls being more frightened than ever, and

we not knowing how many more disturbances there might be, we told the children that they might dress and come down; the teachers did the same. It was not long before people began to come to inquire how we all were. They knew what a large family we were and they feared for our two-story house. Unless the building had been very well constructed, it must have suffered seriously. There were not many houses in the city that were not somewhat injured. Well, about one o'clock we gave the children some bread, which they enjoyed very much. Then we helped them bring down blankets and other things, and at three o'clock we persuaded them to go in the parlor and Miss Burch's schoolroom for the remainder of the night. There were two more shocks, slight ones, before morning. Some of us hardly closed our eyes all night long.

"When Sunday dawned we were all very tired, but grateful for our preservation. We had Sunday School as usual, with the girls; and in the afternoon were in the midst of the Quarterly Review at the Spanish Sabbath School, when another earthquake startled the people. We thought it safer to close the service immediately and not have any evening meeting. The people were tired after one sleepless night, and other earthquakes were predicted. We let the girls bring down their mattresses and coverings and make their beds in the library and in Miss Burch's room. As darkness came on the poor children began to be quite frightened again. At prayers after dinner, Mrs. Arms read Psalm 46 and Mr. Arms prayed touchingly. The children came out crying softly, and we felt rather solemn ourselves, I confess. Out in the patio we sang, 'In God I have found a retreat,' 'The Lord is our Rock,' and similar hymns, in English and in Spanish. The little ones were very happy when at eight o'clock we sent them all to bed. How I wish you could have seen those two rooms full of girls! I laughed until I nearly cried. Most of the girls were lying on the floor, a few were sitting there; another was in Mrs. Arms' rocking chair, covered with blankets and swaying leisurely backward and for-

ward; one girl had made her bed by spreading a blanket over a table and there she lay. But if the girls could have seen the teachers after they were established for the night they would have laughed as heartily as we. Miss Burch slept on the sofa, Miss Milks, Miss Bedwell, Miss Danskin, Lottie and I on the floor in the parlor, without removing our clothes. But we slept beautifully, even if our bones did ache this morning.

"The centre of the earthquake was here in Concepción. The paper to-day says that the damage in the city amounts to one million dollars."

Writing to Mrs. Lasure on January 18, 1899, Mrs. Arms said "The earthquake injured one end wall of the house and this had to be rebuilt. . . . We had rather a severe earthquake not many days ago. We have frequent shocks which alarm us more than formerly, but no damage has been done since the frightful one in July. Yesterday was the sixteenth anniversary of our wedding. How grateful I am to God who has given us so many years together. I am surrounded by all that love can give me. I think my health has been better the last year than for the two years preceding. Perhaps the hardest thing to bear is the lack of strength. I see so much to do, and yet I must spend just so much time on the lounge, walk just so carefully and always think first, 'Can I do this and not be sick to-morrow? I'd like to run, fly, do great things for my Blessed Lord.

"Goodsil is worn out. I think I've never been so anxious for him as this summer but a rest and change seem impossible. I hardly know what we could have done this year without Samuel. Were he our own son, he could scarce gratify our desires more fully . . . Here I stopped to translate for a time with Samuel. We are nearly finished with the translation of 'The Days of Mahoma,' a religious novel, full of deep religious experience and earnest thought. Our Spanish stories are so few and the girls need them so much."

The letter of June 14, 1900, says: "I think I must have written you when we were at Puchoco. In Feb-

ruary we went to Conference in Valparaiso, Goodsil, Samuel, Miss Milks, and I. We went by steamer and had a delightful trip. Bishop Ninde is such a dear old man. He was with us here several days waiting for a steamer. He said 'Chile was his latest love.'

"My health is much better than for several years, though many infallible signs tell me that 'the house of the tabernacle is decaying.' I, the eternal, immortal part of me, is well, strong, and courageous. Goodsil is also much better. His work is very heavy. The care of a native congregation is very great. They need to be taught like children. Mr. La Fetra is in the States for his health and to attend the General Conference, so the care of the Central District comes also to Goodsil. Then he and Samuel have the management of the little mission paper. Samuel has nearly entire charge of our local church, as Goodsil is so fully occupied with other things. We hope he may some time have the advantage of a year's study in the States. He is like a son to us . . .

"Samuel has organized an Epworth League here this year, the first one in a Chilean congregation. They meet to read together on Sunday afternoon and have had one public meeting. We had an English W.C.T.U. social here on the Queen's birthday with an appropriate program. Now we are to have a Spanish Epworth League social on Olive's birthday. For the Fourth of July the girls here in the College are to have a Martha Washington reception, all in costume. Then we have an American social in the evening.

"For my Spanish women I am translating and reading Murray's 'Indwelling Presence.' They seem to understand and enjoy it. For the paper I am translating a little book for the children, 'Big Brother.' Then there is so much more which I wish to do. With it all—the failures, the discouragements, the burdens, my own mistakes, the body, &c, &c, I often get quite *homesick* for Heaven. We'll see each other over there. It won't be long anyway."

In September, 1900, Dorothy Richard began to feel tired and nervous. As she, like Mrs. Arms, could always see more duties than her time and strength could ever accomplish, she rested only during the ten days of the September vacation. In November she had a rather serious breakdown, and when she was again able to work she was allowed only a few classes each day until the close of school in December. One day when she was rebelling at the idea of not being permitted to do full time work, Mrs. Arms asked, "Dorothy, are you going to *bear* your cross, or *drag* it?"

At commencement in December, 1900, the graduating class consisted of four girls—Olive Arms, Laura Carvajal, Lucila Contreras, and Maggie Mickle. Olive was at the head of the class, taking honors not only in the usual studies but also in drawing, painting, and music.

Some time before this, a young man, John Lewis Reeder, also from Vermont, a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan, and a minister of some years' experience, had come from Iquique College to teach in Colegio Americano and to help in the church. At the Conference held by Bishop McCabe in Iquique, February 6-11, 1901, Mr. Reeder was received into the Chile Conference by transfer. Later in the month, when Bishop McCabe was in Concepción, Mr. Reeder and Miss Marian Milks were married. They continued teaching in the two schools all that year.

Dorothy's summer at Puchoco had restored her so much that she could take nearly full-time work when school opened in March. In June she was ill in bed for ten days or more with what she called "just a little fever peculiar to Concepción." Though she rested nearly all that month, it seemed best to Mrs. Arms to ask the Board's permission for Dorothy to go home for her furlough in 1902 if she did not get perfectly well and strong. Mrs. Arms had in mind that when Dorothy came back to Chile after her furlough she should teach half of the day and devote the rest of the time to calls among the church people, deaconess work in part.

About the end of the century Miss Fisher was asked by the Government of Ecuador to go to Quito and establish a Normal School for the training of teachers. Her place in Concepción College was taken by Miss Winifred Woods, a charming and capable artist. Miss Fisher spent three years in Quito and got her school into good running order. Miss Woods stayed in Concepción five years, and when she left, Miss Fisher came back to her former place.

Writing to Mrs. Lasure on November 9, 1901, Mrs. Arms said: "We have had fifty girls all the year. They are very good girls and I love them very much. Since the rains were over I have been taking them to walk every morning when our duties will permit, usually four times a week. We rise at six o'clock, have our coffee, and then all go to a farmhouse just out of the city where those who wish can get fresh milk, getting back to the house in three-quarters of an hour. It is very good for them, and the bright eyes and rosy cheeks of my girls are a wonder to everybody.

"We have already commenced the preparations for the end of the year. There will be a Kindergarten Afternoon, an Art Exhibition, a Fancy-work Display, a Senior Reception, and the Commencement Concert together with the closing bills and reports. All this falls heaviest upon me.

"You ask if I consider that I 'was healed by faith.' I don't know. I am sure the Lord did what four or five physicians thought could not be done. I was condemned to die by the physicians in the Hospital here, but in eight months I was able to return and take up work. The surgeons in Brooklyn said they had never known a case like mine. And so I say the Lord's hand has been placed upon me. But I am not strong. I think I am like Jacob who was never free from the marks of that midnight struggle. He received the blessing but he carried the wound to the grave. I am sure that my ambition and pride *might* spoil the beauty of my soul life, and so while the Lord lets me do *much* He does not let me do *all* or nearly all that my eager heart desires.

"We mean to leave the school as soon as the Lord sends some one to take our places. I half imagine that we shall be able to see you during our year at home. We must go to Colorado and I think, if you still live in Nebraska, I shall find you. Olive and Samuel are getting anxious to go soon. She will enter a Conservatory of Music and he Drew Theological School. Goodsil will supply a church somewhere if he can find one. Our only desire is to return to Chile for another ten years, if He will, whom we serve."

With the coming of the new year, Dorothy sailed for the homeland. "Of course," said Mrs. Arms, writing to Mrs. Richard in January, "we want her to return in God's own best time." Yet conditions at home were such that the year lengthened out to four before Dorothy saw Chile again.

Mr. and Mrs. Reeder also returned to the United States. Mr. Reeder supplied a church in Ohio during this furlough, which lasted nearly two years. When they returned to their work in Concepción in 1904, they brought with them their small son Paul.

The letter of December 8, 1902, begins on a note of discouragement, because no help was forthcoming. Then she says: "Where shall I begin to tell you of this year? We spent the month of January in Puchoco, the entire month, Olive and I. Goodsil and Samuel came and went as they were able. I came over for Sundays. I think I never had such a rest before and I am sure it was a preparation for this year. God is good. In February we enlarged the College to accommodate more boarders, cleaned, arranged, &c. My two precious 'other daughters'—Marian Milks and Dorothy Richard—both went to the States. O how I have missed them!

"School opened March first and we have had the most prosperous year in our history. Have had 60 boarders and 100 day pupils. My work has been much the same as in other years. I have been stronger than for many years. While we have done so well numerically and financially, the Lord has blessed us spiritu-

ally. A sweet spirit pervades the school. Sunday school, prayermeeting, church—the girls welcome all these with avidity. I cannot take to chapel the girls who wish to go, because the room is too small. I have an organized 'Praying Band' numbering 14. These girls meet with me once a week, read their Bibles daily, pray, and 'live for Jesus.' All but Olive and four English girls are Chileans from Catholic families.

"We are to graduate a class of five this year. Shall I tell your their subjects? 'Love of Country,' 'Home, Sweet Home,' 'Jottings from the Queen's Life,' 'Influence of Woman,' and 'Am I Responsible?' The latter is a strong plea for temperance. As yet it is unpopular here by the masses and I honor the girl who is brave enough to choose such a subject. School will close on the 23rd of December. We are to have a Physical Culture program on Monday evening. Have rented the Theater as there is no other hall in the city large enough. O we need a Gymnasium so much. Indeed we can grow no more. Our house is full, our classrooms are crowded. Of course in a way this is beautiful. We know what it has cost.

"Then there is the church work; I'd like to give all my time to that. Samuel has been in entire charge this year as Goodsil's work in the District has increased so much, and then he has had to take charge of the Boys' School. We expected the Campbells to return early in the year, but both have been sick and they have not yet arrived. The burden has been a tremendous one and I am not willing Goodsil should assume it again. Still, if no one comes, can we close the doors? Goodsil has been miserable most of the time. Will never be all right till he has an operation and course of treatment. This is our principal reason now for hurrying home. Still, if no one comes to take the work here, how can we go? The work on the frontier is most encouraging. We only want money to support the workers among the native converts. Our schools are our source of income and for two years we have been the only school to do anything."

CHAPTER IV

GREAT EXPERIENCES

The next letter was free from worry and tension. It was written to Mrs. Lasure from the Steamship "*Highland Brigade*" on May 24, 1903. "Yes, we are really 'homeward bound', though it seems rather that we are leaving home, so hard was it for us to leave our work and our dear people. But we are rather battered and bruised, and with the hope that a year's rest, change, and some medical treatment may make us last another ten years we make this effort.

"We left Concepción April 9 and spent one week in Santiago. Then we came over the Andes and down to Buenos Aires, where we took ship May first. The trip over the Andes was grand beyond words to describe, if one loves the towering peaks. The road is better than almost any highway I have ever seen, wide and well kept. We came part of the way in coach, then four and one-half hours by mule, and then by rail. The mules were very nice, docile and obedient, the guides attentive, and the altitude, 13000 feet, did not affect any of us greatly. We tarried over the Sabbath in Mendoza, guests at the National Normal School, whose directors are American girls and have before visited us in Chile. We rode out and took some views of the earthquake ruins, visited a vineyard, and went on to Buenos Aires on Tuesday. We boarded in the suburbs a week, waiting for our steamer, which was hindered in getting off.

"We have been now more than three weeks on the sea. Have made but one stop, at Las Palmas in the Canary Isles and have seen land only twice, the Canaries and the Cape Verde Islands, where we did not stop. The men went off at Las Palmas and had a nice little rest. Edwin Currier, our nephew, and Samuel Valenzuela, our Chilean son, are with us. The ship is a freight boat of some 13000 tons and there is very little

motion, so we have been spared much seasickness. There are six other first class passengers, one a brother missionary with his wife and daughter returning from Argentina. We have read, written, sewed, crocheted, played games, and all in all managed to pass the time rather pleasantly. Still all are very glad of the prospect of landing in Liverpool on Wednesday.

"We plan to spend a little time on the Continent. A friend at Nottingham claims a visit. Then we wish to see London, Paris, Geneva, the Alps, Lake Como, Venice, Genoa, Florence, Naples, Rome, and we even think of going over to the Holy Land. However, it may be too expensive and we may be too tired. Arriving at home we go to Clifton Springs Sanitarium where Goodsil's sister Julia will have a home in readiness to receive us . . . We have permission for a year, but may extend it a month or two if all goes well. Not yet can I feel it my duty to leave Olive and return to Chile. We wish to settle somewhere for the year so that she can have a taste of real home life."

Mrs. Arms' scrap book, containing pictures, tickets, programs, and other souvenirs, corroborates what Olive has written from memory: "We left Buenos Aires May 2, on a large freight steamer of the Nelson Line. There were eleven first class passengers and we made one happy family—the Arms party of five, the Rev. James P. Gilliland, his wife and daughter Helen, and an Englishman with his wife and daughter. The voyage lasted over three weeks and was indeed a pleasant one. No storms and no real seasickness, even for Mother. The only stops were at Montevideo and Las Palmas. We reached Liverpool when England was at its most beautiful time, the spring. We stayed at a fine old-fashioned Temperance Hotel—the Shaftsbury. The first evening we took a long ride around the city in the electric tramway and how beautiful the twilight was! Never before had we seen such a long twilight, quite light till about ten o'clock.

"The following day was a lovely one, visiting Gladstone's mansion and estate at Hawarden, Chester Cathe-

dral and the old Roman Wall, and passing near Eaton Hall, the home of the Duke of Westminster. From here on the way to London we stopped over to visit an old friend from Chile—Mr. Toplis, a true Christian railroad engineer, who boarded at Colegio Americano when Mother had charge of that school. Mr. Toplis lived in a suburb of Nottingham, called Fisherton, with his daughters, and the two days spent with them in the beautiful country were so lovely. We attended a Wesleyan church in Nottingham Sunday morning. The tram cars ran only at the hours for taking people back and forth for church. That Monday, June 2, we attended a church picnic where Public Tea was served.

“We reached London on June 2 and found a good place to stay. We had four days for sightseeing there and then left for Geneva, Switzerland, and the World’s W.C.T.U. Convention, traveling on Dr. Lunn’s Special Train with four hundred lady delegates. The journey was very pleasant. In our small compartment we became acquainted with two lovely teachers of Bradford, England, one of them called Olive Badger. These friends asked us to visit their home and the Lake Region of England. We were sorry that we were obliged to refuse.

“The W.C.T.U. Convention was a wonderful inspiration, even to Samuel and Father. Mother was the only delegate to represent all of South America and was on all important committees. This, the Sixth Convention of the World’s Woman’s Christian Temperance Union, lasted from June 8 till June 11. The Hotel Bergues, on the edge of Lake Geneva, was a lovely place to stay. Here we met a beautiful Scotch lady—Mrs. Dale, a delegate from Edinburgh. She taught us the Glory Song, and she pressed us to visit her in Scotland also.

“It had been the dream of Mother’s life to see the Alps, and how beautiful we did find Switzerland, though we were only in the French part. The trip to Territet and the Castle of Chillon was lovely. Then we went

to Lucerne, crossing that beautiful lake. Next to Florence by way of Como. The boat ride on the Lago de Como in the early morning was beautiful. Florence was so interesting with its art galleries and all." In the scrapbook are two clover leaves from Elizabeth Barrett Browning's grave. "Venice too was a dream, with its enchanted music at night and the gondolas.

"At Rome, William Burt himself welcomed us — Father's classmate at Wesleyan. Father went down far into the Cloaca Maxima to get some memento. He found a fine maidenhair fern." This fern and Bishop Burt's note of welcome are on the same page in the book. "We saw the Catacombs and picked poppies on the Appian Way. From here we turned north again to Paris through the St. Gothard Pass, stopping at Genoa to see the Cemetery. In Paris we had three days, one of them Sunday. Then we had several days in London and saw a great deal.

"We sailed for New York on the big liner *Cedric*. Before we sailed Mrs. Dale sent us a telegram: 'Like a river glorious is God's perfect peace. Auf Wiedersehen.' Mother corresponded with this friend for several years, till the news reached us of her Home-going." Olive neglects to tell that in the concert given on board the *Cedric* during the voyage, she played a piano solo.

Possibly one reason why Mr. and Mrs. Arms could enjoy their trip to Europe and the prospect of a year's furlough was that they had left Concepción College in good hands. The Rev. Adelbert S. Watson was director. His wife did not take up all the duties of director; Miss Jeanette Carpenter did her best to fill Mrs. Arms' place. The school went on well, with a good faculty, the house and classrooms full of girls, and no building or other changes to interrupt the routine. In December, 1903, a class of five was graduated, one of whom, Clotilde Zanetta, later gave many years of service as primary teacher and then as art teacher in Concepción

College, and still later became a sculptor of some note in Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Arms family arrived in New York on July 12. The first thing to be attended to was an operation on Olive's wrist. This was done at Seney Hospital in Brooklyn. At the same time Mrs. Arms again consulted the surgeons in regard to her condition. They advised her to have a thorough rest, as an operation was not really necessary and might be too serious for her endurance. The family then took a trip through the beautiful Lehigh Valley to Batavia, New York, the city where Mr. Arms' sister, Mrs. Chappell, lived, and where they had a reunion also with Mr. and Mrs. Currier, the other sister. They visited Niagara Falls with an excursion party on the first of August. They spent a month at Clifton Springs, visiting the Curriers and having treatments at the Sanitarium. A voyage from Rochester to Ogdensburg, across Lake Ontario and through the Thousand Islands, brought them nearly to Vermont for the next visits. Dorothy was at her farm home. There were more graves of dear ones in the little cemetery at Northfield than when they had last visited it. Olive mentions visits to Aunt Emma Cox, daughter of Grandpa Beard, and to Edola Sheldon at Northfield, to Aunt Sarah at Springfield, Massachusetts, to "Cousin Lula and a few others on Mother's side," to the Rev. Mr. Davenport, Mr. Arms' college chum, and to his cousins in Boston.

And then in September the "little home" materialized in the form of an apartment at 506 West 130th Street, not far from Columbia University. Mrs. Arms had a chance to keep house for her dear ones, Olive studied at Columbia, and Mr. Arms busied himself with many things in connection with the Chilean work. Somewhere in those happy seven months he went to Seney Hospital and submitted to a serious operation, so serious that he was in the hospital a month. Samuel was in Drew Theological Seminary. A letter to him, written on November 22, indicates that Mr. Arms had recently

attended the meeting of the General Committee of the Missionary Society at Omaha, at which the Chile Mission ceased to be administered on the self-supporting plan, and also shows how Mrs. Arms came to join Dr. W. W. White's Bible class. She wrote: "We have had a quiet, restful day. Went over to Dr. White's lecture. It seems to me they grow better and better. I must surely get a visitor's card and go down to his class on Friday afternoons. Mr. and Mrs. Fahs were at the lecture. He roomed with Mr. Arms in Omaha and told me he had brought home a brush which Goodsil left. I asked him what the General Committee did with the special committee's report. He says they accepted it and that all the Gospel work now stands in just the same relation to the Missionary Society as in any other field. The schools and press are free from obligation to support the Gospel work directly but must report to the Committee here and give over the surplus to their control. Special plea for money was made by Bishop Joyce above the appropriation in a forceful speech, and it was granted. O I am so thankful! I write that you may share our joy as early as possible."

The letter written to Samuel on February 16, 1904, was to celebrate his "spiritual birthday." She said: "We were very glad nine years ago with our own 'son in the faith' but we are grateful tonight for all that you have been to us during these years. Some difficult experiences have really helped to make us understand each other better. You are much more 'ours' than you were on that first day. How memories of your ordination cluster around this day. Counted 'worthy' for service, 'worthy' for suffering, — some way those words sound often in my ears. Ours is an exalted privilege, that of proclaiming Salvation and a Savior. May the morrow be a bright and happy day. I shall pray that a special baptism of love and power may be given you.

"Goodsil is busy translating the parts of the Catechism he wishes printed." In the next letter she said: "Goodsil has been busy writing. Miss Fisher came for the manuscript last night. She said the Preface troubled

her considerably. We had a nice long letter from Miss Tweedie telling all about the Spanish Christmas tree. Miss Carpenter wrote a little note saying she continued so poorly, she thought she *could not* stay. Hermano Diaz wrote a nice letter and sent me a picture of his family."

Mrs. Arms has written no record of her reception of the most important letter of all, the one containing this certificate: "This certifies that at the session of the West South America Lay Electoral Conference held at Santiago, Chile, February 19th, 1904, Mrs. G. F. Arms was elected as its delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church to be held at Los Angeles, California. Signed: Eugenio LaBera, Secretary; C. S. Winans, President; Isaac W. Joyce, President South American Conference."

The Methodist Church had long been trying to introduce woman's suffrage into its administration. From time to time during the last twelve years or more, the local churches had voted on the question of sending women as lay delegates to the General Conference. At last the proposed law had been adopted by a majority of the churches, and women were to be admitted as lay delegates in the Conference of 1904. When Mrs. Arms reached the Conference she found that she was one of 27 women lay delegates coming from all the Methodist world.

Late in April the little home at 506 West 130th Street was broken up. Olive went to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wolcott, old friends from Vermont, until the end of her year in Columbia, while Mr. and Mrs. Arms took the long train trip to Los Angeles. On the train with them were some members of the Board of Foreign Missions and many other delegates, among whom were the Rev. Frank Bristol and wife, of Washington, D. C. Dr. Bristol later became Bishop of South America from 1908 to 1912. Some of them made the side trip to the Grand Canyon and spent Sunday beside that wonder of the world. The only record in the scrap-book is a snapshot of the pine forest in the snow.

The General Conference opened in Convention Hall in Los Angeles on May 4, 1904. Among the thousand or more delegates, half of them lay members, the 27 women had the task of establishing a precedent for those who might follow them in other conferences, as well as of working with the men toward general legislation for the whole church and special legislation for their own fields. Mrs. Arms and her ministerial colleague, the Rev. Francis M. Harrington, of Iquique, knew just what they desired for South America. Except for the two years 1898 and 1899, when Bishop Warren had been in charge, and 1903 and the early part of 1904, when Bishop Joyce had supervision, the annual conferences in Chile had been held each year by a different bishop, who usually had a very short time at his disposal and was unable to grasp all the conditions and problems of work in an unfamiliar country and an unknown language. Above all else they needed a resident bishop for South America. There was also some adjustment of territory between the North Andes Conference, where Dr. Thomas B. Wood was the guiding spirit, and the Chile Conference, which at that time included Bolivia also.

Mrs. Arms and Mr. Harrington were active on various committees. She spoke several times before the Executive Committee in regard to having a resident bishop, and when the matter had come out of committee and was being debated on the floor of the house, she rose in her place to speak for it again. The presiding bishop could hardly decide to call on this unknown woman when there were so many clamoring for the right to be heard. However, Dr. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, and others sitting near by managed to obtain for her the coveted right. She spoke so well and so directly to the point that the next time she asked for recognition it was easier to obtain. At least once she spoke from the platform, as there is in the scrapbook a ticket admitting her to the platform, as well as her regular ticket. And her efforts were crowned with

success. Dr. Thomas B. Neely was elected Bishop of South America.

Though Mr. Arms was not a delegate, he busied himself with the South American part of the Missionary Exhibit. The photograph in the scrapbook shows several hand-woven ponchos,—one from the Araucanian Indians on the Chilean frontier, rugs of vicuna and guanaco skins,—probably from Bolivia, pottery, wood-carving, and straw weaving, embroidery and drawn-work, some of Olive's paintings, photographs of scenery, graduating classes, and other people, and high over all, the Chilean and Brazilian flags. The Argentine and Peruvian flags do not show in this picture.

On May 22 Mrs. Arms wrote a letter to Samuel, who was spending the summer in the home of the Currier family in Tarpon Springs, Florida. She said: "We have been working very hard at Conference. As I wrote you, we have secured what we wished about conference boundaries. I hope that dear Dr. Wood will not feel too badly about it. I made a speech before the 250 men of the Episcopal Committee which changed their minds and we are granted a General Superintendent with a residence at Buenos Aires. You will see by the Conference Daily Advocate which I am sending you who are the newly elected Bishops, and all the General Conference news, much better than I can write it to you. It is an important conference and I am endeavoring to do my part in every way. The Missionary Exhibit has received wonderful attention. It closed last evening and now Goodsil will be a little freer. I also will not be as closely confined to committee meetings this week. As yet I have taken no excursions . . . I am wearying to see Olive. Shall be so glad when she has made that long trip across the continent.

"It is very pretty here, much like Chile in climate and vegetation. I am to speak to the Epworth League here this evening. Here comes a humming bird to the climbing rose tree at my side. The air is vocal with bird songs and in plain sight are the further mountain

peaks on the south, while we are at the very foot of the northern range. Is Florida as pretty? O I want so much to see.

"The reception to the lady delegates was quite fine. I was one of the chosen speakers—two minutes only allowed. South America is now before the Church as never before. Several men have volunteered to see that we got what I asked for our work . . . Have seen very much of Dr. Neely. He has been kind to me on Committee . . . "

When this wonderful month of honors, hard work, and notable achievements came to an end, and they had visited several friends who had been in the Chile Mission and were then living in and near Los Angeles, also Mr. Arms' brother Melford and his wife in San Diego, they turned eastward again. Olive had come from New York, had visited Mrs. Lasure in Nebraska on the way, and had reached Eaton, Colorado, a week before her parents' arrival. There was a family reunion at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Otis White, Mr. Arms' eldest sister. Grandfather Arms had made his home there since the grandmother's death in 1899. Children, grandchildren, in-laws, and great-grandchildren made up the group. Two weeks of rest in this happy home, and then their way led to St. Louis, where they spent a few days at the World's Fair.

Back in New York, Olive took up her studies at Clavier School on West 22nd Street from July 5 until August 8, this time boarding at the Hedding House, at 335 East 17th Street, while Mr. and Mrs. Arms made a few last visits in Vermont. On August 8, 1904, they sailed from New York once more, this time on the steamer *Seguranca*. The next day Mrs. Arms wrote: "My dear Samuel, I would like to write you a wee bit each day of this journey and you will please share the pages with Aunt Julia. The sea is very quiet and the boat speeds along with almost no motion. I am thoroughly tired and have done nothing but sleep and rest until now. Those last days were very hard ones. Mr.

Fahs, Drs. Leonard, Dodd, Benton, and Gamewell came from 150 Fifth Avenue to the boat to bid us God speed. Mrs. Abel, Willie, Bishop Neely and wife, and old Mrs. Raymond came to the Mission Rooms to see us a last time. Mrs. Neely is very enthusiastic over the work. Says she shall not settle to housekeeping till she has visited every station. Is sure she can secure us some scholarships. The Bishop was nice. Said he would plead for our school at Omaha. I urged that Conference be held in January . . . Of course I was sad to leave the States with the friends and opportunities that I have enjoyed there, but I am glad to return to Chile. We try to think of the future and not the past, what we are going to and not what we are leaving."

September brought them home again to Concepción College. The next letter was written to Samuel on October 9, and is filled with bits of news about students, graduates, and church members. "So fully am I back in my old place that it hardly seems as if I had been away, save that I feel a strength and ambition that I did not have before. The Watsons are still here and we do not know when they will go. Goodsil has not yet returned and my letter to-day says that Mr. LaFetra is again worse and so their going is again indefinitely postponed . . . At the chapel it was voted last night to divide the women's class again, for there remained 70 names enrolled even when Mrs. Reeder had taken out the young women. The League seems dead as a distinct, active organization. Olive and Mrs. Reeder plan to talk with Mr. Signorelli about it. I have been asked to take an afternoon Bible class of English women, something like Mrs. Bottome's drawing-room meetings. I dare not refuse. Pray for me, for I do not feel able to do it. In my private Bible study I can now see how very much I gained while in the States.

"The celebration for the 'Fiesta del Arbol' took place to-day. We were invited to take part but being on Sunday I had to decline. I was very sorry to do so, for it is the first time we have been invited to a place

among the city schools. Mr. Reeder went to Lota to-day to preach for the first time in Spanish. He is really doing very well. Signorelli says that Talcahuano needs a pastor next year, and I think one could find enough work there with services at the 'Dique' and the 'Portón.' It is delightful to have the Reeders here. Mrs. Reeder takes the responsibility of the office for me for an hour after breakfast and I take a class for her after lunch. We share the study hours just as we used to do. Clotilde is taking the Physical Culture class and doing well. We have invited the teachers of the other school to come up this evening to see if we can organize a regular monthly Teachers' Institute. I like the Blocks very much. I think they might take over Santiago College when they have had a little more experience."

A week later she wrote: "We are preparing a literary program for Mrs. Lelia Waterhouse Wilson's birthday. We will unveil her picture on that occasion. At our last week's W.C.T.U. we voted to change the organization into a general temperance society like what the frontier churches are working so successfully. I will take the women once in a while for a mothers' meeting. Marian is to conduct a consecration meeting for the League to-night. We divided the women's class in Sunday school, the old ones remaining with me and the ones who had begun with Mrs. Campbell going with her. Mrs. Reeder has the young women, Miss Tweedie the large girls, Olive a class of 18 girls of about twelve years, Irene the little ones, Mrs. Herman the younger boys, Mr. Campbell your class of young men, and Mr. Signorelli the old men. Hermano Rocha is still Superintendent.

"We teachers have organized a union Teachers' Institute to meet once a month. Mr. Block is President. He and his wife are splendid. I like Miss Starr very much. Goodsil is still in Santiago. My letter yesterday was very discouraging. Mr. LaFetra is again ill with fever. This time it seems like lung fever. We are all praying. The accounts are not yet all straightened out

and Goodsil is obliged to remain there. Olive and I are very lonesome without him." And a week later: "It will be four weeks on Wednesday since Olive and I came south. Mr. LaFetra is some better again but not yet out of bed. Goodsil wrote that he had the balance for 1903 completed. On Wednesday we are to unveil 'Miss Waterhouse's' picture. We will have a short program about her and her work and serve tea and cake. I think we'll take a collection among the girls and friends for a birthday present. I am enjoying the *Bible Record* very much. I hope you will go to the Friday class whenever you can. Remember me to Dr. White and write me what they are doing."

The next letter says: "I can appreciate now what those Fridays in the Training School did for me. Indeed, I am finding out that in many ways I am quite a different woman. I feel an ambition, an animation, a springiness that I have not felt for years. Not only do I feel it but others notice it and speak of it. Mr. Arms came on Wednesday night. He closed up the reports for 1903 and the Missionary Society is owing enough to Chile Mission to straighten out our finances. Mr. LaFetra is up again now and slowly gaining. We are sending as a birthday gift to Mrs. Wilson the autographs of those present, and former pupils, and a sum of money which we hope she will use for a stone for her husband."

November 14, 1904, is the date of the first letter which Mrs. Lelia Waterhouse Wilson has furnished for these memoirs. Mrs. Arms wrote: "I must send to you our birthday or Christmas remembrance. Call it what you will and use it as you will, but we have thought perhaps it would help toward those stones for your dear husband's grave. Every one was glad to give you this little expression of love and remembrance. Not until after the picture was hung did we know that our music teacher, Federico Lange, had known you. He has classes in the library and sees the picture every day. Finally he asked about you, for he said you were the

one who advised him to commence teaching piano. He has been with us several years and we like him very much. I asked Sofia Contreras to write her name for you. She is still very faithful to your memory."

In her letter to Samuel on November 26, Mrs. Arms wrote: "I have had a cold almost ever since arriving in Concepción. Cannot seem to shake it off. Think I'll stay in bed tomorrow and see what that will do. My strength seemed ebbing so fast that I commenced again my rest hour this week. From 12:30 to 2:30 my shutters are closed and no one disturbs me. Mrs. Reeder attends to the office if there are calls, and the servants, teachers, and girls have to wait for what they want. I think this precaution will be efficacious. I hardly understand myself just why I feel so weak. It will pass. On Friday afternoon we had our first afternoon Bible class. Mrs. Ebert and Mrs. Keay from outside the schools were present. Miss Blake and Maggie Jackson were detained. We meet with Mrs. Jackson next. Are to study Dr. White's book on Matthew. I take the hour from 12:30 to 1:30 for Bible study and enjoy it very much. Reports from Mr. LaFetra are very discouraging. He weighs only 120 now and there are those who say he will probably not live more than a few months. Wilbur is in Columbia University—Law Department. I wish you could see him. Do not know as he knows how serious is his father's condition."

On January 8, 1905, she wrote: "My dear Samuel, my thoughts turn to you this Sabbath afternoon. The house is quiet save for the incessant singing of the canaries and the mournful cooing of the doves. Marian and Olive have gone to the service down by the river. Mr. Reeder is at Lota. Mr. Arms tarried after Sunday-school at the other school. The wind has arisen and blows hard against the orange trees, my poor orange trees that are so ugly now with all their lower branches cut off. I have been much better and stronger this week. Goodsil must go to the frontier next week, and he must also go to Iquique, as there are some property

titles to be arranged. He will plan to meet the Bishop there and return with him to the Conference at Coquimbo. The Bishop's time is very short between conferences and perhaps he'll not be able to get to the south at all, but I somehow feel that Dr. Carroll will not fail to visit us.

"Report has come that Romero and wife have gone over to Dowie. Have you heard anything about it there? We are so anxious to know that the report is not true. The doctors have said that Brother Harrington is all right to return. The Hermans left us on Thursday last by way of Santiago and over the mountains. The Campbells go to Lota tomorrow, have taken a house there for the summer. I think you would enjoy our babies—Edmund [Watson] and Paul [Reeder]. They are two bonny boys. Mrs. Watson calls the little one Kenneth." This letter is for the most part filled with items about the Chilean church members. The news that Indalecio Romero, the first Chilean convert who had entered the Methodist ministry, and who had married Miss Bard, one of the missionary teachers, had, while on a visit to the United States, begun to follow the teaching of Alexander Dowie, was a sad blow for Mr. and Mrs. Arms. However, he never succeeded in introducing these doctrines into Chile enough for them to take deep root.

A month later she wrote: "All the ministers have gone to Conference. Telegrams tell me that Goodsil is well. Bishop and party will come to Concepción. Dorcas Society meets with me every Wednesday, Bible Class every Friday and now they want me to be Sunday-school Superintendent. On Thursday evening we had the League here for a social. Over fifty were present and I think they had a nice time. We could see such a change from that first social years ago. Mr. LaFetra is very bad. Most of his friends feel that he will never be any better. Miss Fisher will probably stop at Santiago as they have great need there if the Wurtenbergers and Miss Eastman all go home. Miss Woods wants to go in September and then Miss Fisher can come to us."

The letter of February 13 said: "We have heard several times from Coquimbo. Conference began on Tuesday. We are touched more personally by the appointments than ever before. Goodsil is not in the Cabinet. Campbell would like to remain Superintendent. Reeder is almost demanded for Santiago—they or we. Then he must give up Lota. If not continued Superintendent, Campbell would like Lota. He wants Mr. Reeder to take the Boys' Main Room. Marian says she will *not* be Directora at Santiago. Who can have our Main Room if Marian goes? You can imagine what we feel about this effort to take the Reeder from us. He is doing so well at Lota and works so hard with the Spanish . . . "

When the appointments were finally settled, the Reeder remained in Concepción and Mrs. Hyslop became directora of Santiago College. Miss Hannah Johnson had come from Nova Scotia to Santiago in the early days of the College. After some years of faithful service she married Mr. Hyslop, a Scotchman with five children. Now the children were grown, Mr. Hyslop was dead, and Mrs. Hyslop returned to Santiago College.

In May, 1905, Mrs. Arms wrote to Mrs. Richard: "I write you to-night about Dorothy's return to Chile. One of our teachers, Miss Tweedie, who came to us when Dorothy went home, is thinking of leaving at the end of the year and we need to be planning to fill her place. What do you think of Dorothy's return? Can you spare her? Is she well enough to take up the heavy burden she must bear here? Of course you all know that we want her back again when you and she think that it is best. Her place has been supplied but we have never found any one who could *fill* it. I think we never shall."

CHAPTER V

THE DAILY TASK

Having completed his two years at Drew, Samuel returned to Chile in August, 1905. There was great need for pastors in Iquique and in Coquimbo. He spent two months supplying the pulpit at Iquique and two more in Coquimbo, and reached the home in Concepción not long before the Conference, from which he was sent to Coquimbo and La Serena. He was pastor there for the next four years.

In September Mrs. Arms wrote to Mrs. Lasure from a farm at Angol, called *El Vergel*. She said: "From the 13th of September until the 25th we have vacation. Olive and I came away at once into the country for the change and rest. We are with one of our girls and beautifully entertained. That is, we find just what we want,—quiet, air, bird-songs, flowers, fruit, milk, and sleep. I have been getting up these mornings at half past nine, but Olive and I have read our chapters in the Chautauqua Course which we are both taking in that morning hour in bed . . . I think I never worked harder, for there were many things to be caught up, snarls to be untangled, and a heavy debt to be lifted. The burden put upon Goodsil by the Conference was so heavy—pastor of our large work in Concepción and Treasurer and General Superintendent of all our work in Chile—that I have done many things this year which he has done in other years. The heaviest task has been the bookkeeping for the College. You could not guess how much time that takes . . . I succeeded in getting pledges for the \$2000 which I set out to raise. Those pledges are nearly all paid in now and the money is at interest until we can get enough more to put with it to buy the property next to ours. It will cost \$10,000 and there must be some repairs and remodeling.

"The Church has been blessed. The visit of Dr. Carroll and Bishop Neely was a blessing. The former

is especially anxious that we should have a real church building. We are working along the line of all home activities,—League, Dorcas Society, Temperance, Classes, and Literary. The old W.C.T.U. which I organized so many years ago is now the Church Temperance Society with 120 adult members and 60 children in the White Shield Department.

“All the year I have directed a Friday afternoon Bible Study Class, using the book on Matthew which we studied in the Bible School in New York. It has been a pleasure and a blessing to me. The Bible is so much dearer to me than it used to be . . . But I need your prayers. Only God can make anything of my efforts.”

In the graduating class of 1905 were two Chilean girls, Norma González and Ana Rosa Rioseco, also Mr. Campbell's oldest daughter, Marjorie, who in later years became a teacher in Syracuse University and then the wife of a professor in Cornell University, and Nellie Shaw, who at the time of this writing is a teacher in Santiago College.

During the later months of 1905 the desired property on San Martin Street was purchased. This was a small house and patio joining the second patio of the College on the west. Then came the work of building. The Board made a grant of \$500, Mrs. Anderson Fowler gave \$400, there was a legacy of \$600 from the old William Taylor Society, Mrs. Arms had raised \$2000, and most of the rest came from the earnings of the College. A gymnasium was built, its entrance and those of three classrooms which could be converted into a platform being from the second patio. The street entrance to the gymnasium was through the house on San Martin Street. The second story of this building had nine bedrooms and a large bathroom. By the beginning of the school year of 1907 the rooms were filled.

Yet for both Mr. and Mrs. Arms the building of Christian character in the friends who surrounded them was more important than any other building. No one

can ever know or tell all the occasions on which she took time to lead weary, sin-sick souls to their Saviour, nor those on which she was able to help them out of mental, moral, or physical tangles of some kind. She never told those things to others who did not know the circumstances. Some of the experiences of the church members are hinted at in the letters to Samuel, because he knew the people and the circumstances. Some of the teachers knew what some of the girls went through in their spiritual struggles. Many of them were known only to Mrs. Arms and God. When one of these teachers, one who stood very close in Mrs. Arms' confidence, was asked for details to enrich these memoirs, she replied: "Dear, the things I remember clearly of Mrs. Arms' life are too personal to put in a book—now you have the real truth. The fact that her prayer life was the *vital* source of all her strength, her personality an outgrowth of *that*, might fill pages. But you do not want my version of that. You can tell it better than I. The real illustrations of this would lay bare experiences in the lives of other people, some now living, or their dear friends now living, and I am not willing to do this.

"Just this illustration of the way she talked to her Heavenly Father comes to my mind and could embarrass no one. One day at our faculty prayer hour at noon, which she originated and at which I was always present, she was absent. Two days afterward an incident was revealed, a crucial experience in our missionary life which she had hoped might be averted and not openly discussed. When we knew of it she said to me, 'Now you know why I could not come to the noontide prayer. I should have forgotten and told the Father when I was talking to Him and you would have all heard, and I *hoped* to save you from it.' "

Writing to Samuel on February 23, 1906, she told of their return from Conference and then said: "We heard of Romero's coming. Torregrosa may go there to 'hold the fort' against Dowieism. Let us pray that the wolf may not scatter our flocks. Word from Dr. Carroll

says that Miss Richard's outgoing expenses are provided for. Work here has progressed pretty well." And a week later: "We are cleaning, building, tearing down, entertaining company, matriculating girls, &c, &c. The Bishop preached a splendid sermon on Holiness Sunday morning in English. It was too deep for some of the audience but was just such a sermon as a Bishop should preach. He preached on Dowieism in the evening. Mr. Block has almost decided to remain. They will move into our house on San Martin and probably board here. Dorothy is to sail the first of March."

And so Mrs. Arms' "other daughter" came home again and was, if possible, more helpful than before. She helped Mr. Arms keep the treasurer's books, and she was relieved of part of her duties as teacher in order to make calls among the church people. At the end of the year Mrs. Arms wrote, "Dorothy's help has been incalculable."

Among the girls who entered the college in 1906 was Marta González, a very pretty girl whose brother felt that she would be better in the school than at home. In time she also became another "daughter."

Available records of 1906 are not many. The notable event of the year for Chile was the great earthquake at Valparaiso on August 16. Although the force of it was not so great in Concepción, and much less damage was done than at the time of the earthquake of 1898, it was far more serious in other parts of the country. Valparaiso and Vina del Mar lay in ruins, as San Francisco had done a few months before. Santiago suffered great damage, though not so many buildings were thrown down. Dr. W. C. Hoover, the pastor at Valparaiso, and the Rev. Gerhardt Schilling, the pastor at Santiago, were in Concepción at the time of the quake. In fact, Mr. Schilling was preaching in the chapel at Colegio Americano when the building began to rock and sway. However, no harm was done. Train and telegraph service were disrupted, and for days they could get no word from their families or friends. Dorothy wrote on

August 19, "Dr. Hoover and Mr. Schilling could not get to their families by train, but yesterday morning they secured passage on a steamer from Talcahuano, and Mr. Schilling intended to ride on horseback from Valparaiso to Santiago if there was no other way of getting there." The families were safe, but the church and parsonage at Valparaiso were so badly damaged that Mrs. Hoover and her children came to spend some months at Concepción, where she was a real help in the church work. Early the next year the congregation at Valparaiso got a large tent in which they had services until the new church could be built.

Writing to Samuel on January 27, 1907, Mrs. Arms mentions a vacation in Victoria from which the three had just returned. She was looking forward to Conference, which was to be held in Concepción, to Samuel's visit at that time, and to the appointments for the year. "And now, do you know? Bishop McCabe has gone home. Had a paralytic stroke, was taken to the hospital and lingered a few days. O how we have suffered this year! Joyce, Anderson Fowler, and McCabe—the three best friends this school had."

When the appointments were made, Mr. Campbell was pastor of the church at Concepción, Mr. Schilling was superintendent, with headquarters at Santiago, Mr. and Mrs. Block and Mr. and Mrs. Herman went to Iquique, while Mr. and Mrs. Shelly and Mr. Carhart came to Colegio Americano, and Mr. and Mrs. Reeder went to Punta Arenas. Mr. Arms was mission treasurer and director at Concepción College, also pastor at Talcahuano. Some time during 1906 Mrs. Block had had an operation for cancer of the breast, and soon after she went to Iquique the trouble returned.

On March 22 Mrs. Arms wrote, "It is five o'clock and Goodsil has gone to the station to take the train for Valparaiso. He goes at Dr. Hoover's invitation to preach the dedication sermon at the inauguration of the new tent. This appreciation of Dr. Hoover did him more good than medicine . . . I am quite nicely and

working hard. Olive has her full number of pupils. We have 50 boarders here and about the same number of day pupils. Mr. Campbell has 65 boarders. Just think of that! I have the names of 20 more who are sure to come. That will fill our rooms as full as we wish them. Mr. and Mrs. Best have taken the San Martin rooms and will board with us.

“O Samuel, I realize more and more now how near we should reach to the Father. Temptations of every kind are all around us. ‘Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.’ May you be kept. You know that verse in Jude which gives praise to God ‘who is able to keep us from falling.’ Well, the Revised Version says ‘able to guard you from stumbling.’ That is a greater security. O we have all ‘stumbled’ so often, let alone the times that we have ‘fallen’! God can forget. We cannot. The scars on our lives must remain. God knows I long for true heart purity, for power to conquer temptation and to lead souls to the Master. ‘Neither count I my life dear unto myself—’ and then there comes along some little, trivial, miserable word from someone and I tremble as if the Lord did not know all about it.”

The next letter said, “A letter from Iquique says Mrs. Block is very poorly, worse again, and he has not arrived. Workmen are still here. We expect ten girls on Monday.” And a week or two later, “A telegram came from Iquique saying, ‘Mrs. Block very ill. Ask permission from New York by cable.’ We are very sad over it but it was not unexpected. I am inclined to think that there is a cancer near the spine and thus the nerves are attacked.” This letter and the following one are largely taken up with the difficulties of certain members of the church, dishonesty that landed the youngest boy concerned in the “School of Correction,” a place that Mrs. Arms had not known of before. And then, “Mr. LaFetra is gaining fast in California. I had my first long letter from her yesterday.” On May 30 she wrote, “I presume Goodsil will not write this week.

He and Dorothy are very busy over the books. How I wish he could once get all caught up. He has done very much this year. I made out my June bills this morning. Really it is wonderful how well I am and how easily I carry the heavy burden of work. It must be in answer to the many prayers offered for us in the homeland. You remember this is a holiday. At home it is the soldiers' 'decoration day' and I think of my row of graves in beautiful 'Elmwood.' You went there, did you not? I believe I would rather sleep my last sleep there than here in Chile. As He wills whose I am."

The compiler of these memoirs arrived in Concepción on August 26, 1907, the eve of Mrs. Arms' fifty-first birthday. Mr. Schilling had met Mr. Ezra Bauman and me at the steamer in Valparaiso harbor, as Mr. Bauman was to be his assistant. On the way to Santiago I asked him to tell me something about my new colleagues. When I asked about Mrs. Arms his reply was, "Mrs. Arms is a bishop and a half." She gave me a most cordial welcome, as did all the teachers, so that I never felt particularly homesick. The September vacation soon came, and the Arms family spent it at *El Vergel*. Writing soon after her return, Mrs. Arms said, "With Miss Howland here my work is much easier. I think Dorothy finds it easier also. Dr. Carroll writes that he feels quite confident of sending us a physical culture teacher this fall. Mrs. Pacheco has offered us her house in Talcahuano for the summer and I think we shall go there. Then I can get in touch with the work, the baths are near, and on the hill it is pretty. Did I write you that we had cut down the four small orange trees? It seems so much lighter we all like it."

When Commencement time came, just before Christmas, three girls graduated on Wednesday evening, the exercises being held in the new gymnasium. On Friday evening the boys of Colegio Americano had their commencement there. One of the graduates was Moisés Torregrosa, the younger son of a Spaniard who was one of the leading "national" pastors.

Writing to Mrs. Wilson on February 20, 1908, from the home in Talcahuano, Mrs. Arms said, "We came down here the week after our return from Conference, which was this year in Santiago—Goodsil, Olive, and I, with our faithful Sofia and the little Lucha who has been with us since she was four years old. The memory of this month of sweet home life will strengthen us for the stress of the year. Mr. Arms is pastor here and this gives me an opportunity to know his people better. Olive has been housekeeper and she and Sofia have had great fun. Indeed, it has all been nice, except that Mr. Arms has been obliged to go nearly every day to Concepción. There are six or eight trains daily. He was elected delegate to General Conference and must leave here about the 20th of March. Of course he is anxious to leave the books and everything in good shape. He will have to be absent at least four months, for he must make a hurried trip to Denver to see his aged father, now 88 years old. If he can stop over a day in Chicago he will be sure to make the attempt to see you. Olive did not get permission to go, but we hope her father can get it while there and that she can leave on his return. It would be very hard for me to have them both gone at once. Mrs. LaFetra was elected lay delegate, so we feel very sure of good representation . . . Miss Richard has helped this year with the books, teaching less hours since Miss Howland's arrival . . . A nice new building is going up for our Concepción Boys' School—way out toward the Pampa—a building which will cost 180,000 pesos, with a large playground. Mr. LaFetra is still very poorly. I doubt if he is ever able to return to Chile. Our dear Mrs. Block died as you saw in the paper . . . I wish you could see our school as it is now. It is the growth of the seed you sowed, watered with your tears, and protected with your life."

Olive also wrote to her on April 13, saying, "It is wonderful how well Mother has stood the hard strain and very heavy work of these days . . . My permission to go arrived two hours after Father left. I expect I should have gone with him if it had arrived a few days

before, although I was feeling as if I couldn't go and leave Mother here alone." And her letter of June 7 said, "We are expecting a kindergarten teacher with Father, Mrs. Archey, sister of Mrs. Shelly who is in the Boys' School, and possibly some one who can carry on the Physical Culture."

Mr. Arms accomplished all that he had hoped at the General Conference in Baltimore. The Rev. Frank Bristol was elected Bishop of South America, and Bolivia was set off as a Mission Conference. Mr. Arms made the visits that he had expected to make, and about the first of September he reached Concepción, bringing Mrs. Archey and Miss Florence Carhart, the sister of Walter Carhart of Colegio Americano. However, as Mrs. Shelly was not well, Miss Carhart spent the spring term at the Colegio, teaching only the one class of physical training at Concepción College. On September 23 Olive sailed from Coronel on the steamer *Celia* of the Grace Line, to enter Syracuse University for a year of music and Bible study. She reached New York about the 15th of November and in a few days went to Syracuse, where she had a busy and enjoyable year.

In September, 1908, Dr. and Mrs. Wm. F. Rice, who had spent a number of years in the Methodist work in Buenos Aires and La Plata, were transferred to Santiago College, and Mrs. Hyslop retired to a charming little home in the suburb called Providencia. At Bishop Bristol's first Conference, in 1909, as some of the Santiago College teachers were leaving, Miss Carhart was sent to Santiago. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence R. Snell, of Antofagasta, were transferred to Colegio Americano, as Mr. and Mrs. Campbell went home for their furlough. Mr. Arms still had the Talcahuano Church, to which he and Mrs. Arms could now go on the electric cars at one o'clock and return at ten—a long day, for it began with Sunday school at the College at ten in the morning. Then at Talcahuano there was Sunday school, English service, and a Spanish service in the evening.

In April Mrs. Arms wrote to Mrs. Wilson, "I think Olive will go to Lake George, Silver Bay Conference,

and to Chautauqua for a few weeks. She has much visiting to do and that takes time." Then in the September vacation she wrote from Victoria, "Last night's mail brought me a letter from her, written in your home. I am glad that she could visit you. Now what do you think of our girlie? It has been very hard to have her away this year. It has been a wonderful year to her. Yes, we are pleased with her lover. He is about as nearly a son already as he can ever be. With his ten and more years in our family and his two years in Drew he is a pretty well Americanized Chilean. They cannot be married in February as they wish unless the Bishop appoints Samuel to Concepción, for Olive must be in the College next year. We have promised our patrons and I need her. God has given us so many beautiful and wonderful things that we dare to ask even this . . . We are enjoying the Boomers very much. Robert Speer called at the College twice. He had prayers with all the students and gave them a little talk, besides going to my Bible Study class. He is splendid. No Bishop or Secretary of our own church has ever visited the school when in session since the very earliest days . . . Olive may have told you about Marta. She is better now and is with us, here in the Smith home, where we have come for a week of the September holidays. She tries to take Olive's place in little helpful ways."

Olive arrived at home on the seventh of December. With her came Miss Mary L. Snider, a graduate of Syracuse University, who proved, as the years went on, a worthy successor to Mrs. Reeder; Miss Ethel Shepherd, the fiancée of Mr. Carhart; and Miss Anna LeFevre, of the Christian and Missionary Alliance. The latter soon went to join the other workers of her mission. Mrs. Arms was happy with Olive at home and a new teacher also, yet she soon had to acknowledge that Cupid had been busy. The engagement of Olive and Samuel had been announced that October, and also that of Miss Carhart and Mr. Bauman of Santiago. Mrs. Reeder and Paul had come from Punta Arenas, and their presence

did much to make Mrs. Arms' happiness complete. The last weeks of 1909 flew by on wings. A class of five girls was graduated, one of them being Marta González.

The usual Christmas dinner, which should have been at Concepción College, was postponed until the New Year. At noon on January 1, 1910, there was a gathering of the faculties of the two schools. Olive played the wedding march and four happy young people came into the parlor. Mr. Arms read the impressive service by which Miss Florence Carhart became Mrs. Ezra Bauman, and Miss Ethel Shepherd became Mrs. Walter D. Carhart. Then the festivities made up for whatever might have been lacking at Christmas.

A few weeks later Conference was held at Valparaiso. The writer was sent to Santiago to take the place of Miss Carhart, leaving Mrs. Arms still in need of teachers. Samuel was appointed to Lota and Coronel. Then wedding preparations began again. On February 17, the fifteenth anniversary of Samuel's going to church for the first time, the mission group met again, with Samuel's relatives and a few other friends. Gertie Phillips played the wedding march, Mr. Arms officiated, and Dorothy held the bride's bouquet. This was an afternoon wedding, and toward evening the bride and groom took the train for Tomé, on the other side of the bay, for a honeymoon of five days. On their return they settled in three rooms of the house on San Martin Street, boarding at the college table. Samuel went back and forth on the train to his work in the churches of Lota and Coronel. Olive taught piano in the College, with Marta teaching some pupils. A letter which Mrs. Arms wrote on May 23 said that Olive had 75 in the piano department. She said also that Mrs. Archey had gone to Santiago on account of some lung difficulty.

Before this time a new difficulty appeared in the mission. Dr. and Mrs. Hoover of Valparaiso, ever desiring a deeper and richer spiritual life, began inquiring into the "Tongues" movement, to see whether that blessing might be for them. The church became in-

terested. Prayermeetings lasted through whole nights. Some attained the "gift of tongues" and others the "gift of prophecy." Some fell into trances. Interest became intense and great crowds attended the meetings. The movement spread to the Methodist Church in Santiago and to the Presbyterian Churches in Valparaiso and Concepción.

When the first Quarterly Conference was held at Valparaiso in April, the District Superintendent, who was not at all in sympathy with Dr. Hoover and this revival movement, handled the matter with such a lack of tact and Christian charity that the church felt that all they could do would be to leave the Methodist Church and become an independent organization. Dr. Hoover felt that he must go with his flock. Mr. Arms did his best to urge Dr. Hoover to reconsider and try to keep his members from leaving the Methodist Church. He also cabled to Bishop Bristol in Buenos Aires and urged him to take conciliatory measures. The Bishop came over the last week in April and tried to solve the difficulty, but then it was too late. On May 1 Dr. Hoover withdrew from the Methodist Church and set up the Pentecostal Church, which soon had a large membership, and though subject to much criticism for its emotional excesses, showed far more eagerness for the salvation of souls than did their opponents. Because Mr. Arms tried so hard to conciliate the factions, he was accused of being in sympathy with the separating group. The whole affair was a great grief to him.

The Presbyterian Church in Concepción was split by the Pentecostal movement. The assistant pastor, Sr. Moran, became violently insane. Mrs. Arms' most valued and confidential servant, Sofia Contreras, who had worked in the college since the days of Miss Waterhouse, was one of the separatists but did not for that reason lose her position. Two of the Chilean Methodist ministers left to join the Pentecostals. The churches in Valparaiso and Santiago were mere shadows of what they had been. Some of the missionaries felt that with

proper guidance the whole matter of factions and separation might have been prevented, the emotional excesses avoided or at least curbed, and the spiritual enthusiasm turned into a great revival. Yet they knew that the Kingdom of God was not the Methodist nor the Presbyterian Church, and that God could use even the wrath of men to praise Him.

Writing to Mrs. Wilson on November 24, 1910, Mrs. Arms said: "We are all well at this writing, and Olive is happy with a sweet hope which thrills all our hearts. She has done splendidly with our Music Department. We open a regular Department of Fine Arts next year and can give two or three diplomas in art and music. We have had much trouble in arranging our work this year, for lack of teachers. Mrs. Archey left for the States in September. A new teacher arrived yesterday for her department. Miss Richard has her permission to go home next year. That leaves me with two vacancies in Liberal Arts. The death of Chile's President and a few weeks afterward the death of the Vice President who was serving as President, changed our program for the September closing into a memorial service, which the 'Intendente' attended.

"Since the September vacation the King's Daughters have been busy and our Bazaar took place last Friday night. I am sending you \$150 as the result. I enclose program, invitation, and newspaper clipping . . . The Class of 1910 has four girls—Motto, 'Forward; flower, honeysuckle; colors, pink and white. This is Thanksgiving day. We do not forget the home land. Last night we had our Teachers Institute, 20 present."

A letter written to Mrs. Lasure on February 25, 1911, gives news of great interest. "School closed pleasantly but I think this has been my hardest year in Chile. I have not been sick but am more limited in strength, while the burdens seemed to be heavier. I had one less teacher, which caused some extra work. I am writing in Olive's sitting room tonight. In the coach is a sweet little baby, Julia Dorothy, who came to us on

January 19th. Olive was not very ill and the baby seems well. She has big blue eyes and very dark hair. She is a patient little thing and very dear to all of us. Olive kept up all her work until after the Christmas Concert and she will teach this year. She is really the Supervisor of our Music Department. Samuel is appointed pastor of the church here in Concepción and they live in the rooms adjoining the College. It is so nice to have them near. You know I was not able to care for Olive till she was more than two months old, so this is my first experience with a little baby. I have enjoyed it very much. We named the baby Julia after a sister of Goodsil's and then Samuel's name is Julius. Dorothy is one of our best loved teachers. Baby was baptized last Sunday by Bishop Bristol who was here for our Annual Conference. We entertained 24 at the College. Had a delightful time during the entire week. My cook did her part finely.

"Our 'family' you know numbers 125. We did well financially last year. We receive no help from home but we paid teachers, board, repairs, insurance, and had some \$1000 to apply on our Annex. Now the Bishop has told us to fix over this house where Olive lives. That will be extra but we need more room. How I wish you could see our southern home!

"I told the Bishop that in two more years we should finish out 25 years and that I wished him to find some one to take my place. He replied that I must not think of leaving the school. But I do think of it all the same, and I may get a trip home in that time. I'd like to see my friends again. Should we return permanently to the States, Olive and Samuel will go with us. There is much Spanish work there. But the way is not open yet."

Yet before writing this letter Mrs. Arms had lost her "other daughter." Dorothy Richard had sailed from Talcahuano on February 6, never to return to Chile, though at that time she expected to come back. Two brief extracts from steamer letters show how Mrs. Arms

felt: "We have missed you very much, every day and everywhere. One of my hands seems gone, and I am lamed for the race. But O how your mother will rejoice in your coming! Probably you will not return in a year. While 'Grandma' lives you will be needed there. God will direct us all to better service wherever he most needs us . . . Give my love to the dear Newport people who remember me. I sometimes think I'd like to live over again that year we were there. I was not tired then, and I was ambitious and enthusiastic. Mrs. Browning sings:

'I have lost the dream of Doing
And that other dream of Done,
The first spring in the pursuing,
The first pride in the Begun,'—Read it all over—
'Till another open for me
In God's Eden land unknown,—
And a saint's voice in the palm trees singing
All is lost—and won!' "

The year went on without Dorothy. The school was full of girls and there was plenty of work for all the faculty. Baby Julia was growing rapidly and was the joy of her grandmother's heart.

In January, 1912, Conference was held in Santiago. Dr. Wm. F. Rice was elected as delegate to the General Conference to be held in Minneapolis, and Mrs. Arms was again to be lay delegate. At first it seemed that she could not possibly get away, but once more Mrs. Hannah J. Hyslop stepped into the work. She rented her house in Providencia and became directora at Concepción College. On April 1 Mr. and Mrs. Arms and Miss Adda G. Burch sailed from Valparaiso. Three letters written to Mrs. Lasure during that year give a fair idea of the trip.

From the steamer *Quilpué* on April 10 she wrote: "Can you guess where I am? On the wide Pacific, rushing on at rapid speed toward my own dear Homeland. Have you seen in the paper that I was chosen lay delegate to the General Conference? It was a sur-

prise to me, for you know I went eight years ago. Goodsil was there four years ago. Our dear Chileans love and believe in us. Goodsil was given permission to accompany me. I doubt if I could have undertaken such a journey alone. We are to remain only a short time. The work just now is not in good condition to leave. Last year there was a failure in the wheat harvest and that lessened our numbers. This year we are building over the old house where Olive has lived. Mrs. Anderson Fowler gave us \$1000 gold for this purpose. We expect to arrive in New York on April 23. I will mail this letter there. Conference is in Minneapolis and lasts from May 1 to June 1. Then we must go to Eaton, Colorado, to see Father Arms. He is now 92 and confined to his room. We must be in New York for the June Board meeting.

"We are all quite well. It is ten days since we left home and it seems like a month. Olive will have extra responsibility, but a very competent woman is taking my place. We must be back in August or September at the latest. Pray much for me. There are many and great interests intrusted to my hands. Our Mission is in a critical position. Pray that I may have wisdom and opportunity to do something. I'm worth a great deal more to the world and to God than I was ten years ago, but I know this will probably be my last ten years. I'd like to cease at once to work and to live, if it be His will. I miss our baby Julia very much. She is fourteen months old now. Has twelve teeth, walks alone and says many words. She uses English and Spanish indiscriminately, a word of one and then the other. Olive has charge of our entire Music Department, has fifteen special pupils, her home, husband and baby, and does very much church work. Samuel has the responsibility of Goodsil's church too, while we are gone."

The Conference elected Dr. Homer C. Stuntz, who for the last four years had been one of the Mission Secretaries, as Bishop of South America. On July 19 Mrs. Arms wrote: "You know that I am 'spinning

around' at a great rate. We had a beautiful day in Chicago and a nice time in Washington. I spoke there in Sunday school and Epworth League. We came on to New York in time for the Board Meeting. We met Bishop Stuntz and wife on the train and had a nice talk with them. The Committee granted all that we asked. God is for *us* because we are for *Him*. We went to the dentist while there and had our teeth out. Then the doctors at the Methodist Hospital told Goodsil that he must have another operation. It was nothing so severe as nine years ago and he was in the hospital only one week. I visited our other friends in the city and did some of the necessary shopping. As soon as he could ride, we came here to Sister Hermie's. He has not gained as fast as we had hoped, but for three or four days has seemed much stronger and we plan to return tomorrow to New York. Have to meet friends there and give the dentist three or four days. Then we shall start on the Vermont trip . . . With all this before us you will see that we cannot sail until more than a month later than we had planned. Goodsil was given six months' leave of absence and so we decided not to rush quite so fast."

Steamer *Aysen*, off Salaverry, Peru, September 8, 1912. "You are in my thoughts this Sabbath morning . . . We expect to reach Callao tomorrow. There we have friends who are expecting us. The ship will tarry two days. We left New York August 27th. The heat was terrible until after we had passed Panama. While on the Isthmus we visited our missionary friends the Comptons. They are working far too hard for that hot climate . . . My time at Northfield was all too short but I made good use of it . . . If my work were there, I should desire no other abiding place. We are returning with the prayer that this may be our very best ten years of work, if the Lord gives us so many years."

In November, 1912, the writer sailed from Valparaiso on her way home by way of the Strait of Magellan. The steamer stopped at Talcahuano and she came to

Concepción for a farewell visit. The next day she rejoined the ship at Coronel and continued her journey.

The next available material is Mrs. Arms' report of the college, as given before the Conference in January, 1913. Part of it reads thus: "We have matriculated 180 students, an advance upon last year. The largest increase has been made in the Art and Music Departments. This gives us great pleasure as an evidence that our graded work in these departments meets with approbation. We have had 80 boarders, as large a number as either diningroom or dormitories will accommodate. We do very little advertising. Our girls themselves are our best agents. We have already a large number matriculated for the coming year. These girls come from south and north and this year there were four from the province of Neuquen, Argentina. Of course our best work can be done with the boarders.

"We have made improvements this year. The city required the installation of drains to the new city sewers. The cost of this will reach \$5500. Painting, papering, new floors—these repairs must be made every year. By a gift from a legatee of the old Transit and Building Fund Society we received 3500 pesos. Mrs. Anderson Fowler, always our generous friend, supplemented this with \$1500. With this basis we have rebuilt the old house on San Martin. The front rooms below are used for the Kindergarten and the rooms above as the parsonage of the Spanish Church. Several rooms remain for College use. We need a better equipment in all departments. We must have it or lose the prestige which we have gained. With the increased competition in the government schools and the added zeal of religious institutions, we were never in a more critical position than now.

"The grade of work in the College has been splendidly maintained, with a personal consecration worthy of mention. The Physical Culture department had to be closed entirely for lack of teachers, while Mrs. Ogden took charge of the Liberal Arts department, left with-

out any teacher by the removal of Miss Courtney to Santiago. This necessity caused great regret to teachers and pupils. It is not a time to take backward steps.

"We have been greatly cheered by the interest which has continued in our Bible study course. Little by little this course is extending its influence." Here the report breaks off, the last page having been lost.

For several years Mr. Arms' nephew, Merlyn Chappell, the son of "Sister Hermione," of Batavia, N. Y., had been teaching in the Presbyterian boys' school, El Instituto Inglés, in Santiago. He had made his uncle some vacation visits. About this time he returned to the States and entered the theological seminary. He became a preacher of some note, but never again went farther afield than to Caracas, Venezuela.

Writing to Mrs. Wilson on April 22, 1913, Mrs. Arms said: "I am busier than ever. We have 85 boarders actually here and ten more who may come any day. That is all we can possibly take. We have to put some in the rooms of the house where Olive lives. The diningroom, library, and study hall can hold no more. You know that we are short two teachers. Mr. Arms has classes all the morning—Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Physics, and General History. I am eight periods in the schoolroom each day. I enjoy my classes very much but the housekeeping, servants, buying, office, girls, parents, books, &c, &c *must* have some attention and I go on the *run* from morning till night. But I am very well and stronger than almost never before in my life.

"We have organized a Y.W.C.A. among the teachers and boarders. Have our meetings Tuesday at five o'clock. Then the circles for Bible study meet on Thursday at five. We have organized our Literary Society. Had our first meeting last Friday. I used your little Bible and introduced the new girls to your picture which hangs in the library. Your large Bible lies on the library table for the prayer service when we have visitors.

"Olive is well. We expect a little new boarder some time in June and we are all very glad, but it will

probably mean that Olive will not teach in the College next year. She longs for her own home but I hardly know what the Department can do without her. Little Julia is sweet and beautiful. Is more intelligent and talks much more than most children of her age.

"Bishop Stuntz and wife have been here again. He spent only two days and she only a week. He went south to the work which had grown from this mother church. Was much pleased. While he was here the lot for the new church was bought or arranged for. It is a corner on ColoColo and Carrera. That is two streets from the Plaza toward the Theater and three to the left. Every one seems pleased with the site. Bishop Stuntz promises to help us with money. We have \$2200 gold ready, the contributions of years.

"Olive is planning a piano recital for tomorrow evening. She has done so much for the Department. Marta González is her best helper. I am sure I have written you of her. Her only home is with us. Goodsil is her guardian. We have been having beautiful weather but there are signs that winter is near. These fall days are full of joy and exultation for me. Life has been lived. The race is run. The crown is won. Spring oppresses me with its promises, but the autumn fills me with satisfaction."

Little Arnold Valenzuela arrived on June 13, keeping his mother from her work only two weeks. There were two teachers who were active and valuable during that year, who have not been mentioned in any of the letters,—Miss Euretta Meredith, of the Kindergarten, who arrived in November, 1910, and Miss Virginia Bennett, of the Liberal Arts or High School, who came in November, 1912. The writer sailed from New York on September 18, 1913, and by the end of October she was back in Concepción College, taking some of the extra burden from Mr. and Mrs. Arms. The graduating class of 1913 included two from Liberal Arts and three from the piano course. Mary Ann Shaw, the first graduate from the piano course, 1912, became a teacher of piano in the College.

On December 29 Mrs. Arms wrote to Dorothy Richard: "The closing week was full, and everything passed off very well . . . On the whole, I think we have never closed successfully a more successful year. There are still 10,000 pesos of uncollected bills and this makes me rather anxious, but I presume the larger part will be paid. We had the Christmas tree at Talcahuano on Wednesday night and the one here at the same time in our gymnasium. Both were pretty. Friday came the Christmas dinner for the Mission—our turn this year. We invited the Boomers, Galbiatis, and Eberts. We bought a little Christmas tree for decoration and had the tables in a hollow square. We were about forty. The men went away after prayers; the women produced their fancywork and worked and chatted while the babies slept. We had a nice exhibition of babies—Ernest and Maurine Carhart, Julia, Arnold, Mario Galbiati, and Arthur Barnhart. They behaved well.

"Yesterday I went to Talcahuano, made four calls after Sunday school, and took dinner at the Fierros'. It was our last service in the old place. We had communion in the evening and received five new members. The new place is in Arenal, near 'Alto Portón.' Goodsil bought it for the Mission but will keep it himself if they do not want it. We were desired to leave our old place as the man in the corner store thought we injured his trade. We fear that he plans to put in a 'cantina.' We could find no other room to rent in the Port. This is a good house with a large patio, five rooms for the pastor or to rent, flowers, and fruit. Our first service will be held there on Tuesday evening..."

When Conference met, the blow that Mrs. Arms had been dreading fell upon her. Samuel was appointed pastor of the Temuco church. Writing to Dorothy on January 18, Mrs. Arms said: "It is now 11 A.M. Olive and I had our coffee in bed together, our last chance—ever, perhaps. But I am glad to have them go. It is too hard for her here and they both want their own independent family life.

"One month of vacation has passed and I feel almost no better than at its beginning, save that the pain in my side has gone away. We are a small family just now. Misses Meredith and Snider are at Valparaiso, Miss Bennett with the Penafiels at Quilquenco, Miss Howland with Senora Vargas at San Vicente, Miss Fisher staying these days with Mrs. Barnhart, and Marta at Mrs. Morrison's for a few days. If Olive goes to Temuco, Julia will stay with me till they get a little settled and then I will take her down.

"Mr. Reeder did not come up to Conference. He is building another church. The Bishop says he will visit him in a few months. A Miss Turner *may* come here and Miss Bills for piano is expected. Even then we shall find enough to do. It rests me to think of the Bishop's promise to try to find some one to take my place."

Two weeks later the letter said: "I have just come over from Olive's. They have done much packing this week and hope to finish dishes and trunks tomorrow. The rooms seem very desolate. My heart is heavy. What shall I do without Olive? No one to sympathize with me, to understand about the daily pinpricks. I cannot trouble Goodsil with them. He has more than enough. I'll have to get closer to Jesus . . . We hear that Mr. and Mrs. Harrington and Mrs. Floyd Allen are coming to the Boys' School. Have no word about Miss Bills yet . . . Bishop Stuntz is grand. He will mean always to do the very best. Goodsil does not seem well since Conference. Everything is an effort and he tires so easily. We have accepted an invitation to Amanda's at Lautaro. Olive will be somewhat settled before we return and so we will go to Temuco and spend a few days with her. I shall get through the year better if I can imagine how she is situated."

Three weeks later the letter was written from Temuco. "We left Concepción February 9 and went to Lautaro, Goodsil, Marta, and I. We were there together until the following Monday. Then Goodsil went

to Temuco. He helped Olive two days and then went to Niagara farm for two days. Marta and I came here on Thursday and Goodsil and Marta went home on Saturday. I am planning to remain until next Saturday. I think I feel much better than when I came away. At any rate I shall be all right when the spur of school duties is applied. Do you know this house built for school and parsonage? Olive hopes she can rent some rooms. We shall buy or rent a piano for Olive and she will take two or three pupils so as to pay her servants. I think she had better keep two. She knows almost nothing of housework, and the baby is heavy to carry around. Julia can not be trusted out of sight. Thinks she can do everything." Then follows a detailed description of the rooms and their arrangement.

Writing on March 15, Mrs. Arms said: "The cornerstone to our new church was laid yesterday with appropriate ceremonies. Goodsil was here and I 'held the fort' at Talcahuano. We enjoy our new rooms there very much. Miss Bills who came for music seems nice but it will be long before she can *fill* Olive's place. Marta is my standby this year."

On March 23 she wrote: "The Harringtons have arrived. Lois will be in the freshman class and Marian a senior. Just now we are trying to get a gymnastic teacher from the city . . . Olive writes that they are all right. If no one else goes down, I think I shall go for Holy Week. I do not seem to be very strong. I get tired out so easily and my whole body pains me."

The letter of May 3 said: "The Bishop writes that he plans to go to Punta Arenas and from there to Valdivia and up by rail. Will be here September 13. We hope the church can then be ready to dedicate. We have had only two rainy days yet and it has not been very cold. Mrs. LaFetra's J.O.C. class sent us \$40 gold for the new church. Julia [Currier] sent us \$200 for it."

The letter of June 23 tells of terrible storms in Chile—almost continuous rain for a month, floods, wash-outs along the railroad, and deep snow in the moun-

tains. "Goodsil went to Temuco on Friday last. It looked a little brighter in the forenoon but soon began to rain. Saturday was our worst day. He had to go soon to see about the houses there. Sunday was Olive's birthday. He got home all right last night about six o'clock. As usual we have had many girls with colds and coughs. One day there were thirteen in bed. Miss Snider is chief nurse."

On July 7 Mrs. Arms rejoiced over having finished the usual festivities of the Fourth of July, giving Marian and Dorothy a full account. Then she said: "We are beginning already on the Benefit Concert for September. The Public Piano Recital is set for July 24 and thus, as ever, one thing follows another. Olive writes that they are all well but she minds the excessive cold. The water in the pipes has frozen and even three fires cannot keep the house warm. But the days are passing and we hope the worst is past . . . The church attracts much attention. 'Tis the prettiest one in Chile, I think. We are to have Conference here next year." And ten days later she wrote: "Our church is nearing completion. The scaffoldings are all down. The League and Sunday-school rooms are not begun, nor the parsonage.

"Miss Snider and Miss Starr have asked permission for a furlough at the end of the year. Rosario and Rupertha plan to go to Philadelphia Art School when Mary goes. I have asked for three teachers next year—Physical Culture, Primary, and Intermediate. May Forde has just returned from England. She has a fine little girl. She says Mr. Reeder is looking old and tired and has lost his characteristic buoyancy. Poor man! Do not send this to Marian."

That was the month in which the World War began. Its effects were soon felt in this little neutral country, so far from the scene of battle. The letter of August 10 said: "Olive and children are here for one week. She cannot be away longer than that. The children are fine. The boy walks quite nicely and is so heavy I cannot lift him much. I dread to have them go away again

but a school is no place for them. I plan to spend the September holidays with them.

"The new church is very pretty. I went with Olive to see it. The Bishop planned to dedicate it the sixth of September, but we cannot know when he can get here. The German boats are all stopped and the English boat did not go out last week. I fear he will not be able to go to Punta Arenas and this I should so much regret. O this dreadful war! Will the United States keep out of it? Large numbers of Germans and French are only waiting to find a boat that will take them to the homeland, to respond to the call for reserves. Some English are volunteering and the Houses here are helping to send them. Money is all tied up and I fear for the finances of the school. But God is on His throne. He has not forgotten His world.

"Do not speak of it till others tell you, but Miss Bills is engaged and will leave us in January for Peru. Then what shall I do? I am to announce her engagement at my next 'At Home.' "

August 25—"The war throws a gloom over all spirits and the financial effect is tremendous. Some one has said that Chile is the most affected of all nations except those actually in the conflict. We get no true news. Money is very scarce. Banks are not closed but they receive no cheques but their own. Some girls have been removed and we now have only 75 boarders. Of course we are sorry and the more so because of the debt, the coming Conference, &c, &c.

"Olive was here one week. The children are fine. Arnold is more attractive than Julia was. His eyes are very pretty. He is more demonstrative, will look at whoever has him and then put his arms around their neck and kiss them without being asked to do it. Olive is very thin and not very strong. Arnold is heavy and has never slept very well. She has eight music pupils but they have only one lesson a week . . . The Bishop's coming is postponed. Ships do not run regularly and the mountains are still impassable."

On September 15 Mrs. Arms wrote from Olive's home: "It rained heavily yesterday and has rained nearly all this day. I do hope it will be nice tomorrow. The King's Daughters Society here are to have a Kermesse in the Epworth League rooms in the evening. Olive and I have been making cakes and candy. They have made many little improvements since I was here in April. The fruit trees are in bloom and there is promise of a fine garden. A sister in the church cares for it on halves all but the potatoes. The church work is encouraging with many additions and good interest among the young people.

"We are all well. I have never been stronger at this time of the year. And I have a housekeeper now too—a Mrs. Hart from Coquimbo. She has one little girl who will be in the Primary. She came last Monday only but starts out very nicely. It will be a great relief to me and a comfort to the teachers but I am sorry for the extra expense. I must have written you since my birthday. As usual the girls made too much of it. I wish I merited all they said. They gave me a glass fruit dish in a heavy silver frame . . . The Bishop has decided not to visit Chile till just before Conference time. We'll soon be sending you some good pictures of our church, I hope. Even our enemies call it 'beautiful.' I have not seen it lighted yet, nor attended a service, but hope to do so soon."

There is a break in the letters here, but there was no break in the work of the school. Spring came as beautifully as though no severe winter had ravaged the land and no cruel war were cutting it off from the rest of the world. Preparations were made for the graduation of the largest class in the history of the College—eight from Liberal Arts and one from the piano course—and also for the usual Art Exhibition and for the wedding of Miss Pearl Bills and Mr. Barrett of Cerro de Pasco, Peru, who had met and become engaged on the steamer. Bishop Stuntz arrived in Concepción on Saturday, December 19, and was with us through an ex-

tremely busy week, which included examinations, Art Exhibition, Commencement, Church dedication, Christmas, and the wedding; yet the charm and the blessing of his presence seemed the only thing that enabled us all to keep our own sanity and sweetness.

When the wedding was over, the Bishop made a trip to the frontier, visiting Temuco and other places, and returning in time for Conference. To the great surprise of us all, Mr. and Mrs. Arms were given a furlough, and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fremont Harrington were named as directors. Mrs. Harrington had been in Iquique and in La Paz with her first husband, Mr. Francis M. Harrington, who died in Bolivia in 1908. Some time after that, she married his brother. With her two daughters and the little son of this second marriage they had spent the school year of 1914 in Colegio Americano. At this time they took charge of Concepción College, where they remained for ten years.

Mrs. Arms' next letters give a better account of all these events. On January 12 she wrote to Mrs. Wilson: "Do you remember how you felt when the Bishop said you must return to the United States? Bishop Stuntz is sending us off for a year. He says that both Mr. Arms and I are more worn out than we realize, that there would come a break before the end of another year. He was very beautiful about it. He offered us a good charge here if we preferred, but said he thought we had better take a real vacation. We could not be obstinate and so it was arranged. We are to go in April or May, this time for such a rest as we have never had in our lives. There will be no General Conference to attend nor any rushing around to see all our friends. We think to go to Mr. Arms' sister's in Florida for the first months. Do not fret about us. We are only tired and worn. Bishop says he is just saving us for future usefulness.

"Our Conference was delightful, the most harmonious we have had in many years. Bishop Stuntz is a wonderful man. He was here with us for more than a

week. Said he came to watch me and see how well I was. I'm sure he thinks me worse than I am but I am anxious about Goodsil. Am glad to get him away. But O how I dread to leave Olive and family. They came home for Conference. The children are bonny and so good and quiet about the house. Samuel will return to Temuco on Wednesday. They had the best report of any church this year. Are much ahead of the Concepción Church now.

"Bishop Stuntz came for our Baccalaureate Sermon. Eight boys graduated and eight girls. We had service together in our new church. He preached on 'service.' The girls sang an anthem and the boys had one song. In the evening of the same day, the 20th, the church was dedicated. He raised money that night enough to finish off the tower and to build the Epworth League room. Miss Bills was married on December 26—a big wedding with 70 invited guests. We served lunch. Christmas dinner this year was at the Boys' School."

Then to Dorothy on January 24: "We are waiting for Goodsil to arrive from Talcahuano. Olive is writing you. The lovers are talking briskly in the parlor. We almost had a tragedy last Sunday. They—Mr. Whitehead and Miss Bennett—went for a walk on the hill at four o'clock. They thought to cross over to Quinta Junge. A man stopped them, led them another way, pretending to direct them, and they were really lost before they realized what the man was doing. First he struck Miss Bennett. Mr. Whitehead put himself on the defensive. They had an awful tussle. Ran some three miles with several battles and came to a 'rancho' where they were taken in. Mr. Whitehead was pounded on arms and hands terribly, head cut in two places, clothes torn, &c, &c. He was brought home in a cart on Monday morning. The doctor found nothing serious. Bruises are healed now but his head is still bandaged and his hands well nigh useless. The man was caught and is in jail. It has been found out now that he had attacked four other couples on the hill. It all happened

in broad daylight. The poor people in the 'rancho' were so kind. Mr. Whitehead is appointed to Iquique this year, so the 'loving' will soon end.

"We are leaving everything in good shape. The church in Talcahuano is splendid. We graduated nine this year. Shall have quite a surplus, even with the 'crisis.' The church is built and occupied. Ought we not to be grateful? We want to go to Temuco by the tenth of February. Olive must go home this week. It has been so nice to have her here. Do not worry about our health. The Bishop was mistaken I am sure. But he was so insistent we could not refuse. I am glad we did not have to say we must go. Now I know I have not been selfish nor shirked my duty. I am honorably discharged and I am glad."

CHAPTER VI

REST IS NOT QUITTING

On April 17, 1915, Mrs. Arms wrote to Mrs. Wilson from Tarpon Springs, Florida: "Here we are, Goodsil, Marta, and I, safe in sunny Florida, where my husband's sister Julia lives. I think I wrote you that Bishop Stuntz insisted on the necessity of our taking a furlough this year, and the advisability of our leaving the school entirely. I think now that he was wise, but it was a wrench to leave the work which had become such a part of my life. Dr. Gómez said my troubles were all due to nerve exhaustion and bad circulation and that the giddiness came from lack of blood in the brain. He prescribed rest, gave me a tonic, and said, 'Tell Olive there is no cause for alarm, at least at present.' We spent one month in the College, after Conference, packing and arranging our goods in shape to be stored. Then we stayed a month with Olive. How I did enjoy those days! They are doing a good work there. The children are lovely.

"We left Concepción on March 20, sailing from Talcahuano. On the whole we had a pleasant trip. I never feel well on the sea, but the enforced quiet is good for me. We greatly enjoyed coming through the Panama Canal. From Colón we went direct to Havana. That is an interesting city, part modern but with old forts and many old houses. We visited the Colón Cathedral, where the discoverer's bones rested until the Spanish dominion ceased. We greatly enjoyed a visit to Candler College. From Havana we went by a little steamer to Key West and from there up over the famous Over Sea Railroad. That again is a wonderful triumph of engineering. We travelled up the east coast, very pretty, by the numerous lagoons, then across through the Everglades, and are now one mile from the Gulf. We have no definite plans except to rest here. They wish Goodsil to write a history of the Mission in Chile."

Writing to Dorothy nine days later, she said: "We expect now to join the party going from New York the first of February, 1916, to the Latin American Conference in Panama and go down the coast with them. We do not wish to be back for our own Conference in Santiago, and our furlough lasts until February 15. The Bishop himself suggested our spending the first month with Olive and we were glad to do it. I was quite miserable, not at all ready to travel. I really felt so weak when I left Chile that I wanted Marta to help me dress, walk, &c, &c. She has been very nice. We had thought to stay right here three or four months while Goodsil did some writing. He brought all the material he could for this work. Then we thought to go to California for visits and the Board meeting in November in Los Angeles. So you see we did not leave much time for New England. But Goodsil received a letter from Bishop Stuntz last week which may change even these tentative plans. He asked Goodsil to meet him in New York the third Tuesday in May to consult about a money-raising campaign. The Bishop had said before that he wished we could help him raise the \$15,000 special for which he is home this summer. I do not think we are good at such work but he said, 'You have done more than any one else in the field.' Then he wants me to look up Deaconess work and Bible School plans if it might be that we could do something along that line on our return."

On May 18 she wrote: "Goodsil is not going to New York until later. The Bishop wrote him. I think he wants him for some conventions and campmeetings which come later. The Board is to meet to-day. I think he was a little disappointed not to go but is very busy reading and preparing for writing later. I have written two little tracts—'Our Alumnae' and 'The Class of 1914.' I am asked to prepare something useful for outgoing missionaries. What do I do all the day? As *little* as I can, because that is my task now. Marta and I together do most of the housework. Julia attends to the meals and the cooking. I help what I can. I have

written many letters, mended, copied some things that have long waited attention, studied my Bible. Have had a number of callers. Marian is anxious to have us get to California before the heat and I wish we might, but we must follow Bishop Stuntz's plans. Rosario is living with her now. Mary Snider is my faithful one in the school. She has written me every mail this far. All is going on well. They have 74 boarders."

The letter of July 3 said: "You will be wondering why I have not written and I must give you the only reason, 'I am too busy.' We know too many people now and there are calls and callers, boat rides and suppers, dinners and missionary meetings which I cannot escape and then I get too tired. I look perfectly well, you see. I can not excuse myself on health grounds for no one would believe me, and the people here are lovely—the dearest people all told that I have ever known. We are to leave them, however, next week. Goodsil must go to New York to meet the Bishop before he leaves for Iowa again and it seems best for us to go with him. The three months we promised Aunt Julia will lack only nine days of completion, and we may return. I saw the doctor again this week, as he requested. He repeats, 'Complete relaxation; do not urge yourself to any effort; ought to rest two years' &c, &c. But I am better. The muscular soreness has almost disappeared, the giddiness does not trouble me so much, the numbness is less, and I sleep more quietly. Let me confess, however, just to you, that I *feel* so shaky and irritable that everything annoys me. Aunt Julia, Marta, and even Goodsil at times cannot please and I hate myself and my ways the most of all. I just grit my teeth and keep still and remember we must sometimes be patient with ourselves. O how I long for Olive and her quick sympathy! I had three letters from her this week."

On July 30 Mrs. Arms wrote from Yonkers, N. Y. "Goodsil came to meet the Bishop and we to get away from the constant heat. The Bishop sent me to Seney Hospital for examination of heart and blood pressure.

They diagnosed as follows: Slight heart degeneration and the beginning of arteriosclerosis. Don't worry a bit. I've had these symptoms, some of them from my earliest memory, and all of them for more than twenty years. Only I suppose as I grow older and weaker they are more pronounced. For the month of September I am to have the Mission's bed at Clifton Springs. That is where I have wished to go. How good God is! Pray with me that I may be considered strong enough to return to some Chile pastorate. Goodsil went to Williamsville yesterday to the Old Home Week celebration. They were so anxious to have him come, he could not refuse. Will visit Brattleboro, Dover, Shelburne Falls, and Athol also, in the interest of the Mission. I was not strong enough to go, much as I'd like to see the dear people. We expect to go from here in another week, first, perhaps, for a week in Chautauqua and then on to Aunt Hermie's."

By the fifth of September she was in Clifton Springs Sanitarium, and from there she wrote to Dorothy: "It is good to be here. It is what I have hungered for very long. Is it not the Master's 'Come ye away and rest a while'? More, is it not forty days communion with my God, just looking all the day into His face? I seem to want little but the quiet, my Bible, prayer, and the memory of the ones who love me. *Can* you understand that it is good not to have even Goodsil for just this little while? And soon I shall go out strong to meet what the Master has for me. Will it be work for another ten years? I *prefer* that it be that. I have asked the Father for this one more term of service in the land to the south which I so much love and long for. But His will, not mine.—His great, wide, beautiful will, so much grander than my own! How could I fear it? Everything here is restful. Big trees, lovely lawns, perfect order, utter cleanliness, good food daintily served, kind physicians, smiling nurses, willing servants, white beds, sweet bells, and lovely flowers. Goodsil came with me on Wednesday and returned the same day to Batavia. Marta is there with Sister Hermie.

"Chautauqua—beautiful Chautauqua, I have been there since I wrote you. One other dream of my life has come true. It is all wonderful and grows on you as you understand it better. We were there five days and I went through the Golden Gate. I spoke one day to the W.C.T.U. in Kellogg Hall, and Miss Tweedie was the first woman I saw on entering. She had heard I was to speak and came to meet me. How glad I was to see her. She has a good position in Beaver College and looks prosperous and happy.

"Mrs. Foster has asked me to lead the Women's Meeting on Friday night in the Sanitarium Chapel, telling them about Chile. Pray that I may know just what and how to say. My heart burns to get some one interested to give so we can start that Deaconess and Bible Training School. That will be my work should I return, but I am not sanguine of success. I long for you for that work. When God wants you He will free your hands from nearer duties.

"Tell you of myself? Well, I'm just the same, not very strong and with some symptoms which are not reassuring. They gave me to a heart specialist, who gave me a full hour's examination and consultation. I shall not know his decision until Tuesday when he has promised to give me some word to send to Goodsil. I am taking two treatments a day, alternating: salt rub, sulphur bath, electricity, and massage. Your sweet birthday handkerchief came safely. I believe I'll enclose one of Miss Snider's letters to you. New teachers have gone out and I expect to hear of Miss Fisher's sailing soon. Love to your dear ones. Do not fret about me. I am not sick. I suffer no acute pain. It is bliss to be quiet and the end is in God's plan for me."

The following letter was written from the Clifton Springs Sanitarium on October 13, 1915. "Bishop Homer C. Stuntz, My dear Bishop: In relation to Mrs. Ida A. Arms, who has been with us during the past six weeks, would say that she is greatly improved.

"We found a chronic nephritis of low grade and various symptoms, the result of chronic fatigue. The

kidney trouble is not in any sense serious. It is what we frequently find in men and women at her time of life. We believe that Mrs. Arms can safely resume her work but would urge that it be modified. Physically she has no right to expect more than 75% of her normal efficiency, but this ought not to bar her from service, perhaps her best service. Very truly yours, H. Schoonmaker."

Mrs. Arms' next letter was written to Olive from Mrs. Reeder's home in South Pasadena, California. "I am writing in Marian's sittingroom. She is getting dinner. Papa went in to the opening session of the General Board this morning, planning to remain all day. I was disappointed not to go too, but it was too rainy. The Gilliland girls offered their tickets to Rosario and Marta to a fine concert to be given in Los Angeles and they have gone in to that. I am real well and it is so nice to be here, but my heart is wearying for some word from you. I try to be patient but it really does take strength to bear these long silences. Marian's home is just what you might imagine it to be. Paul is a thorough boy and demands considerable attention but seems very bright, truthful, and very much devoted to his mother, as she to him. They expect Mr. Reeder to come home next year. Rosario is the same as ever. She has had honorable mention for her work and is one of the best in the Arts and Crafts Class.

"We went in Tuesday afternoon to the W.F.M.S. meeting. 'Twas nice with good speakers and a fine large audience. Again Wednesday evening we heard Bishop Stuntz and Mrs. Rice. The Board meeting opened last night with an illustrated lecture by Earl Taylor. On Thursday afternoon papa and I went to call on the LaFetras. It takes an hour and a half by cars to get there. Miss Farwell was there. Dr. LaFetra looks very thin. He stoops very much. He says the trouble now seems to center in his back, where he was injured when he fell in the Andes. Mrs. LaFetra is almost the same as ever. Miss Farwell looks 'transparent,' with perfectly

white hair and face rather thin, but she walks around briskly and does not show her age at all. We think we'll spend a week with the LaFetras and then go to San Francisco about November 23. Marian urges me to take her Sunday-school class tomorrow and I must study the lesson some more. I do not like it here as well as in Chile, but it seems very like it there. By next letter we shall have had our talk with Bishop Stuntz. I hope we can return in February."

A week later she wrote: "The week has seemed very short. On Tuesday papa and I went in to Mission Meeting again. Bishop Stuntz came out here to lunch with us but he had to hurry back. Papa had quite a little talk with him and I fear we cannot sail in February. I ought not to use that word 'fear' if it is God who is really determining our return. The Bishop said papa would be so useful here, to represent South America for January, February, March, and April. I do not know what field would be given him. Then he said he feared I was not yet strong enough to return to hard work, even if we had a home of our own. I think it would be as easy for me there as here. We have left the matter to his decision when he gets there and knows better the year's work."

The letters to Olive that were written during these weeks in California are filled with accounts of meetings, at many of which Mr. or Mrs. Arms spoke, of visits to many of the former Chilean missionaries, of calls from others, and of a trip to San Francisco, where they visited Mr. Arms' brother Melford and Mrs. Arms' cousin, Fred Taggard, and attended the Exposition. On December 12 she wrote: "Our plan is now to leave here early Tuesday for New Orleans. I should be able to write you next Sunday at Aunt Julia's. I shall be glad to have the quiet of the Tarpon home again. I have been very thankful to see these dear friends again, and am so sorry to leave them. Marian is a beautiful housekeeper, and seems to do everything so easily. I presume papa will be speaking again, soon after we reach

Tarpon Springs, but do not know where. O how I long for you all to-night! May seems a long time away. Must an extra kiss go this time? I hope the little one will be there to receive it."

A note of birthday and Christmas wishes was written to Dorothy from Tarpon Springs on December 22. It said: "We arrived here early Sunday morning. Marian accompanied us to the Los Angeles station, and we left her with tear-brimmed eyes. She is very brave without her husband. We stopped a day and night in New Orleans, principally because I was so tired. In car rides we saw a little of that southern city.

"I have not been as well for about a month. I say it is the irregularities of travel, and the weariness. Perhaps it is nothing more. Olive writes that she and the bairnies are very well. She is brave for the coming strain."

On December 26, after accounts of Christmas greetings and gifts, she wrote—in Olive's letter—"Some young married ladies here have asked me to organize a class in Sunday school. There seems to be no class for them and they have not been going at all. I have promised to begin next Sunday. I am glad to do anything that I can. Just think, a whole year of *almost* no service! *Wouldn't* it have been better to have stayed right there and done what I could, as long as I could? 'He that saveth his life shall lose it.' "

The letter of January 9, 1916, tells Olive that her cable announcing the arrival of her second son had arrived on Wednesday, the fifth. Mrs. Arms goes on to say: "On Monday night I believed you were wanting me. Is it not so? I began to feel as if you were calling me about four or five o'clock. I could not control myself for several hours. It seemed to me I must fly to you. I said to papa, 'Olive is sick or in some special trouble.' About eleven o'clock after we had talked and prayed I went to sleep . . .

"I have been feeling more hopeful for a day or two about our return in May, but do not plan anything until

I know what the Bishop does with papa at Conference. Work somewhere he must give him, either here or there. He has no word yet about leaving here. He is to preach instead of the regular pastor next Sunday, as it is Conference. I do not want to go to General Conference. I really hope it will not be my duty to go as alternate even. I should be accused of working for myself again."

January 14 found Mrs. Arms writing to Mrs. Wilson: "For several days my heart has been calling out to you. How nice it would be could you winter in this land of sunshine. It is too warm here for me, but there seems, just now, no other better place for us. I've written you that Bishop Stuntz and Dr. Oldham were not willing to have us return until I had had a few months' further trial of my strength. They mean well, but I am *sure* I should gain faster in Chile. I can only accept their dictum as the present will of the Lord. Dear, wise, wonderful sweet will! I'm not afraid of it at all, but I am a little timid about man's interpretation of it. We have found our missionary allowance very short for the much journeying we have done, and yet to do it seemed the task that was laid upon us. My cable from Olive arrived January fifth. God has given them another bonny boy, with blue eyes and brown hair. She was confined at the English Hospital, as she had planned, and all was well. A trusted Chilean friend was caring for house and children. I suppose Samuel is this week at Conference and in another month we shall know about our work for the coming year. The Bishop wishes Goodsil to continue speaking until May. He is now at the St. John's River Conference in St. Augustine, where he was sent to represent the Board. Marta is sadly disappointed not to return to Chile in February, as we had planned."

On January 23 she wrote: "Papa has no word to go north yet. This was the week of anniversaries and we were especially glad he did not have to go. The 17th witnessed our usual little ceremony. How good God has been to give us 34 blessed years together! We re-

membered Julia's birthday with special prayer. Papa's birthday was Saturday. I made an election cake for him and gave him 63 kisses. Just as I reached my room, papa ran after me with the notice of dear Mrs. Campbell's death. If Mr. Campbell had only reached here. He has waited a little too long. I purpose to write Marjorie and Ruth . . . Next week's paper may tell us about the Chilean delegates. Of course we are anxious to know about all of the Conference doings."

The letters to Olive are filled with little intimate details of the daily housework, fancy work, and church work. Her health was the one great question which seemed to be hindering their return. Perhaps her great longing for the dear ones in Chile kept her from a speedy recovery. Perhaps she could tell Dorothy, in her infrequent letters, things that she could not tell her own dearest ones. On February 7, 1916, she wrote: "Forty-eight years ago to-day my precious mother's body was taken to the receiving vault in Elmwood and I went from the cemetery to Grandpa Beard's home. My heart aches now as I remember how it ached then. O how I wanted to go with her! It seemed to me I could not live without her, but God has been good. That lonely little girl never dreamed on that winter's day of what the years held in store for her. Had some one told me then, I should not have believed. God has been good to me. Remember that, whatever other words of mine you may forget. I'm trying to live each day as if that day were my last. It might be, you know. And I wonder often during the days what I ought to do next, what thing should be finished, what letter written, what new duty begun perhaps. The days pass rapidly. I seem not to be really living, just staying a while. But God is good and I cry with almost every breath, 'Hold me tight, Lord,' and I am happy, or at least not unhappy.

"Our Conference is over. Letters came last week. Goodsil received no appointment. What that means the Bishop may write us later. Teeter and Shelly are the delegates to General Conference. Samuel returns to

Temuco and is given a helper, one Riquelme. He and Bobadilla have half as many additions as the whole number in the Conference. Samuel has three preaching places in Temuco now, Lautaro, Niagara, Cajón, and one other in the country.

"Olive wrote me from the Hospital the fifth day there. All was well. She had the easiest time she has yet had. She arrived at the Hospital only half an hour before the baby came. They call him Raymond Arms... Samuel was going to Conference Tuesday but Olive got sick Monday night and so he was detained until Wednesday."

Mr. Arms wrote a letter at this time in which he said: "Mama seems quite well. The past week she has not seemed to suffer from the blood pressure as the week before. With care she ought to live for years. As before we feel that she is in God's hands. He can heal her and keep her as He did so wonderfully those past years. By what the doctor said, there was a time before she left Chile and after when there was great danger, probably from a rupture of a blood vessel, and that danger is not entirely past, though it is very much less."

During these months when Mr. Arms was expecting to be called out to do missionary speaking, and yet was not called, he helped his sister with some of the necessary duties in the orange orchard and spent his leisure hours in writing his book, *History of the William Taylor Self-supporting Missions in South America*, and also short articles about the work and the workers. Mrs. Arms also wrote several articles for publication. She spoke in various meetings, even going to neighboring towns. On March 8 she wrote a letter to Dorothy which reveals much that she had probably not put into words before, even to her very own. "There are limitations as I said. I must plan according to my strength, even in letter writing, but when the week is ended I know that I have done as much as an ordinary woman does.

"If you please, keep this page to yourself until my 'last letter' has really reached you. *Any letter might*

be my last one, dear. Haven't you known that all this year? God is wiser than physicians. They may be mistaken. They may be right. But with chronic Bright's disease—the 'casts' in the urine prove that they are not mistaken, with a blood pressure racing up occasionally on slight effort to 210, with the elimination not half what it should be, with what they call 'hardening of the arteries and heart degeneration'—what is the prospect? What *may* happen any day or any night? I'm not looking for it. I feel as if I were to have years yet of service, for I am not 'sick' in any real sense of the word. And yet I must live each day worthy to be my last. Do you not think so? I'm not nervous. I've just hold of Father's strong right hand and I'm not afraid as we walk on together. I couldn't be, you see.

"Then, too, at my last visit to the doctor everything was normal. He was surprised. 'Never saw such a change,' he said. 'It's too good to be true.' Goodsil told me how he himself had had God's ear. I'm due to go again this Friday and we shall see what he finds then. I think I overworked in January and so was worse when he saw me in that month. Do not misunderstand me. I suffer very little pain beyond the disagreeable throbbing in my head and hands, when I am not so well, and the stiffness and weakness in the joints. Sometimes it's arms, then neck, legs, or feet. But it's only 'hindering' after all. Olive knows all this practically and yet she is not ready to talk with you or any one about it. Please do not refer to the matter when you write her. Her letters are bright and cheery. She was to have back her pupils in February. I long often with a mighty longing to look again into her sweet, true eyes, and to feel the children's arms, but God helps me and prayer is my solace. I wrote you last on the anniversary of my mother's death or burial. I'm sorry if my heart unwittingly revealed its longing for the Home Country. I seem to want 'my mother' very much sometimes, though I'm now more than old enough to have been her mother at the time she left me. She is waiting. I'll get there some day and she'll not send

me back to earth to 'do what I could,' as she once did in my dream."

This letter evidently disturbed Dorothy and led to a quick reply, for on April 1 Mrs. Arms wrote a post-card: "Thank you for your letter. I knew the knowledge would grieve you but I felt I should tell you what the doctors had said. I do not think my work is done. I expect to return to Chile. It seems as if Father had told me I might go once more. I'm not afraid to die there among that dear people. More love me there than here. Sometimes I really think I'd prefer to sleep there. Do not grieve about me. I'm not sick in any real sense. Never looked so well before. Walked a mile last night at a quick pace and was not tired. Let us be thankful it is as it is."

On May 2 the letter to Dorothy was written from Washington, D.C., and said: "I'm such a busy woman I could not write you yesterday as I planned to do. Really, dear, I feel as if I had just come back to life. God knows if this strange new strength will continue. I left Tarpon Springs last Wednesday night and arrived here Friday morning. I spoke in the Metropolitan Sunday school on Sunday. Goodsil is expected for Thursday evening with his stereopticon for the lecture. He has been working in and near Philadelphia for two weeks. Letters from Samuel and Olive yesterday. All were well. Olive had eight pupils. Samuel wrote of the Regional Conference in Santiago. Nothing striking occurred unless it be the promise from a Presbyterian to help in an Interdenominational Deaconess Home and School. Just what I've been praying for. I have no details. Miss Howland wrote me a long letter which told me much. She is the only 'old teacher.' "

General Conference was held in Saratoga during the month of May. Dr. William F. Oldham, who had been Missionary Secretary for the preceding four years, was elected Bishop. He chose South America for his field. It was not long before he appointed Mr. Arms pastor of the church in Coquimbo. In July they sailed from New York by the route, once so strange, which by this

time was becoming familiar to them. Mrs. Arms' sixtieth birthday found her once more on Chilean soil. She visited the College, where we were all very glad to see her, and then hastened to Temuco to see her heart's dearest. Mr. Arms soon went to Coquimbo to get the parsonage in readiness and to get back into the work which he loved.

A letter which Olive wrote to Mrs. Wilson on November 13, 1916, takes up the story: "We have been so happy and thankful with Mother's visit. Circumstances were such that she stayed with me almost two months. Father was with us less than two weeks. And now they are working hard in the Coquimbo and Serena vineyard where God has placed them. The work was sadly run down and they need our earnest prayers. I let Julia go with Mother, to keep her company, especially while Father is gone, and to have her influence my little girl with the better discipline and training than I knew how to give her. Julia was so very glad to go. She has always loved Mother very dearly and says now she could not come south with Grandpapa because she could not leave her alone. We are looking forward to Father's visit. Annual Conference is to be in the neighboring church of Nueva Imperial, and that brings Father to us during the first days of January."

Marta remained in Concepción College when Mrs. Arms went to Temuco and Coquimbo. There was some work for her to do in the college, and there were visits to be made to friends, especially to Mrs. Morrison on the nearby farm "Las Golondrinas." She renewed her acquaintance with Charlie Burrows, the son of the English family who had been such good friends of the Arms family since the earliest days of their living in Concepción. Charlie was in charge of the Yungay branch of an important English business house, but he found time to come a hundred miles to see Marta from time to time, and the new year found them engaged. After Conference, Marta returned to Coquimbo with Mr. Arms, to prepare for her wedding.

CHAPTER VII

NEW DUTIES AND STRENGTH

The next available letter from Mrs. Arms was written on November 26, 1916, from the parsonage at Coquimbo. It is filled with little homey details about the house, the arrangement of rooms, things that had recently been done to make it more comfortable, meals, and the setting off of a corner of their large bedroom as a little room for Julia, with her enjoyment in taking care of 'her room.' As she was nearly six years old, she was learning many things. "We have school every morning at 10:30 for about an hour. I ring an imaginary bell and we play the whole game. She has her 'sewing class' in the afternoon and has to finish the one seam before she goes to bed. You will see what she has done when the 'quilt' reaches you. It is to be her Christmas present and you must be 'surprised.' She thinks about you all and often wishes to see you. She does not yet want to go with Grandpa and I am glad. Everything is going so nicely, I think she is better here till after Conference and we see where you are to be next year."

Writing to Dorothy on April 14, 1917, she said: "How I wish you could be here beside me! How much we should have to say to each other! I fear it will not all keep until we do see each other, but all that is really worth while we can talk about even in the Beyond . . . O we are so happy here alone together! It's better than our first years alone together because we are better and we've learned to keep step better. Two can become one. I know it, and year by year we are approaching that ideal. 'Two to the world, for the world's sake, but each unto each, as in God's sight, one.'

"Every day I am more and more disgusted with Coquimbo as a city. Its irregular streets, badly paved, cobblestones, holes, filth of all descriptions, narrow side-

walks where you must watch every step, bare hillsides with no verdure, ugly houses, terrible tenements, wandering dogs, dirty children,—O Talcahuano was fine in comparison and we used to call that the dirtiest port in the world. But there's a lovely quiet bay, sometimes we can see the distant snow-capped mountains, the air is always balmy, neither heat nor cold is intense, there is almost no rain, there are delicious fruits, and the same dear old moon shines on me as on you. Thank God that happiness does not depend on these surroundings and day by day I love the people more and my little house seems dearer. I like it, we like it better than any other parsonage we have known, despite the old furniture and the other queer things.

"I am knitting for the soldiers now, beside the bandage rolling every Wednesday. So the States at last is in this world's war? How could they help it? May it bring God's end of the struggle nearer! Goodsil is settling down to his book again. He has two classes in English promised for this month. I shall take a pupil if any one applies so as to earn money to go south next January. I still miss Julia very much . . . I should be so glad to have them nearer, but I dare not think of such a pleasure.

"Marta was married last Monday, the ninth. Charlie arrived the Saturday before. The civil service was at 9:30 A.M. and the religious service at 4:00 P.M. We had six invited guests, friends of the Burrows family. We had an abundance of flowers. Marta wore her navy blue travelling suit and looked very sweet. We served lunch after the ceremony, and they went to Serena Monday night. We went on board the *Maipo* with them on Tuesday morning. They were to spend a few days in Valparaiso and others in Santiago, and I think they will reach Yungay tomorrow. I guess there is no mistake this time. They seem perfectly adapted to each other and the Burrows family are all delighted."

The next letter, that of June 15, reveals so many of the intimate details of her daily life that it may be

well to quote at some length: "I've had a busy day. Listen. Up at 7:45 (Just think of it). Coffee at 8:30. Rooms tidied. Filling for squash pies, crusts were made yesterday. Swept my bedroom and bathroom, quite a heavy job. Wrote to Miss Fisher and to Benjamin Hendry, Lucha's small brother. He is now twenty years old and is on the *Capitán Prat* for four years. He has been in the bay here several months but has now gone to Mejillones. He greatly enjoyed his Sunday with us. He seems to be doing pretty well. Goes to church whenever he can. Lacks firmness of character but tries to avoid temptations. Then came lunch. Rested an hour and took a nice bath. Sat at tea with Goodsil. I take only a cup of hot water and fruit. Made several English calls. Got home in time for Bible study before dinner and have since been knitting on a pair of little booties for Mrs. Whitehead, who writes that she expects a baby in July. They are changed to La Paz and like it better there than in Iquique . . . Doesn't your League want to help Herminda Bobadilla get an artificial leg? You remember her, don't you? She thinks she can wear one now. She is very active in church work. I have written her story for home use but do not know where it will be published. Duncan Morrison fell the day of Marta's wedding. Died instantly, buried 'somewhere in France,' says the poor mother as she writes me. And Adelfa has gone from her beautiful home, husband, and three little ones. Jermain is nearly crazed. She had pneumonia, but was gaining, though the doctor said one lung was gone. She was coming north the next week, when suddenly she was not, 'for God took her.' We expect Mr. Reeder in a few weeks. Supply has been sent. Marta is very happy in her home. I wish you could see how cozy we are here."

A month later she wrote: "I have been rereading many of my old books and have greatly enjoyed them. The last one was 'The Upper Room,' which you gave me many years ago. Have commenced Thomas á Kempis for the—I know not how many times reading. I always find good thoughts. As the years have passed

I know I have grown in my comprehension of eternal things. This gives me courage. The home life with just Goodsil again, as in our early wedded days, is very precious. I thank God morning, noon, and night for this quiet, beautiful year. It is what my heart has longed for for many a year.

"Marta has recently made a two weeks' visit to Concepción but she has not yet written me about it, or rather I have not yet received the letter. She seems very happy and the Burrows family likewise. We are expecting Mr. Reeder soon now. He was to have left Punta Arenas two weeks ago."

The August letter mentioned various members of the Arms family in the United States, among them—"We had a letter this week from Merle Chappell and his lovely young wife. They are in Caracas. Yesterday afternoon I accompanied Goodsil to Guayacán, a little mining village just out of Coquimbo, and made four pleasant calls. The Administration has promised Goodsil the use of their old English chapel and are even to repair the room, which is now in pretty bad shape. We hope to begin a Sunday morning service there soon, in Spanish. There are very few English there now. Our program on the 25 of July was a great success. We have begun work now on one for September. I am to have the monthly socials now on Monday evening, so as not to interfere with the cottage meeting. This month it falls on the 27th. Of course no one knows of my birthday here. I am glad. Samuel is not very strong just now. Has overworked, I think, and needs a change. I've written them that I wish to give Olive what my trip would cost and have her and the children come here. Samuel can bring her to Valparaiso when he comes to Conference at Santiago. From there she could come alone. Olive needs the sea air and the baths, the doctors say.

"Mr. Reeder did not come here after all. I was so disappointed it really made me sick. He did not go to Temuco, was only an hour in Concepción and one night

in Santiago. Went on a Japanese steamer. I do not understand his haste at the last. Marian wrote of the intense heat there and said she hoped he would not arrive till October. She will be disappointed that he visited none of us. Miss Fisher is planning to come here for the September vacation."

Five weeks later she wrote: "A lovely quiet reigns in the Mission House. Goodsil is working on his sermon and Miss Fisher sits beside me. We have greatly enjoyed our two weeks. She is much pleased with the old house, old furniture and its arrangement, and the food I have been able to prepare. She does not seem very strong. Tires out quicker than I do, in walking or working. We have had another rain since I wrote you and the wild flowers are something wonderful—all new varieties to me. In some places the hills are scarlet, yellow, or blue. I long to see them growing. My friends bring me huge bunches. I had no classes this week and so feel as if I had had a vacation. Letter writing and calling are far in arrears. Shall be too busy to be lonesome when Alice goes. I am constantly thinking about Olive's January visit. I do hope nothing will need to prevent it.

"You may have heard of my Clara's long illness. Last summer, soon after my lovely visit with her, she had a second operation, followed in a few weeks by a third. She rallied well but has now been sick for months with some intestinal trouble. As yet I do not think the doctor's verdict is public and she does not use the word cancer, but I'm sure it must be that."

The next month's letter expresses more concern and uncertainty about Clara Sherburne, and then is filled with details of pastoral visits and the revival meetings in which the Rev. José Diaz, of Ovalle, was helping Mr. Arms. It was a great comfort to have this one of their early converts, who had become one of the strong preachers of the conference, associated with them in this way.

In December two great but not unexpected griefs came to them. On the fifth a friendship of nearly fifty

years was interrupted by the death of Mrs. Sherburne. Later in the month occurred the death of Mr. LaFetra, who had been more than a brother to Mr. Arms during all the years in Chile. Though he had been ill for more than twelve years, yet he outlived Mrs. LaFetra and no longer had a happy home in Los Angeles, California, though many friends of Chilean days lived near by, among them the Reeder. Soon after Mr. Reeder's arrival at home, Mrs. Reeder became very ill and went to the Methodist Hospital in Los Angeles for a serious operation for gallstones. As she improved, Dr. LaFetra, who had been a patient in the hospital for some time, and whom she had always looked upon as a father, called on her from time to time. On the day that she left for home she said, "As soon as I am well enough, I want you to come to our home and make us a good, long visit. Will you?" Dr. LaFetra promised to come, but in about a week the summons came for him to make a longer visit in his Heavenly Home.

Olive came to her mother for the hoped-for visit in January, 1918. More than that, Bishop Oldham granted Samuel a vacation of two months, and the family had a happy time in the Coquimbo parsonage. Then all returned to work, and the year went on as usual. In October Mrs. Arms wrote to Dorothy: "Olive is just recovering from another attack of asthma, and Samuel writes she still coughs and is weak. I have just written Miss Fisher. She wants to go home at the end of this year. Mr. Reeder did not visit us. The boat did not touch here. I suppose he is now in Punta Arenas. He wrote us that Marian should arrive about November 1st and I'm writing letters to reach her at Iquique. I hope she will visit me. Marta went to Concepción for the September holidays. They write that she is a wise mother, the baby is fine, and she seems so happy."

The November letter said: "The Rev. Mr. Schilling left this forenoon for Serena to remain till Monday, when he expects to take the *Limari* south. He hopes

to make the trip with Bishop Oldham, who is due to arrive about this time. We have had the 'flu' here very generally but in a mild form. Concepción College had 40 girls in bed on Tuesday of this week. Rosario Medina passed here yesterday on her way to New York to marry Mary Snider's brother. Marian should be nearing us. Lewis is in Punta Arenas and very disheartened at the way he finds things. I knew he would be. My poor Herminda was laid to rest in Concepción in our corner of 'God's Acre' last week. She was taken sick in September. It seemed indigestion at first but proved to be abscesses (probably tuberculosis of the bone) in the foot. She had two operations in Los Angeles and then was brought to Concepción for another. I do not know if it was an amputation, but she was too weak and rallied only enough to say 'Adiós' to her father. How he will miss her. And, can you believe it, that artificial limb we ordered and paid for a year ago has not arrived yet. We cabled to have it returned. It was her disappointment in its not coming that first weakened her."

The December letter had news of importance: "Bishop Oldham has passed since I wrote you. He asked Goodsil to go to Antofagasta to see about starting a school there. He was gone just one week. I cannot think of it unless he gives me competent teachers. He said Olive was to be moved north. Sr. Baez thinks they may go to Antofagasta. It is now the cleanest, most American city on the coast—splendidly paved, electric lighted, good sewerage, &c, &c,—not the filthy hole we used to dread. Conference is changed from Valparaiso to Santiago. I do not plan to go. Goodsil has to go to Marta's to baptize Marycita and to Concepción on business. We have had no further word from Marian. There's a pile of letters here for her from Lewis, but I fancy she did not sail in October as she planned. He is having a good time in debt raising at Punta Arenas."

The letter of January, 1919, was the one with big news. Not only had eight-year-old Julia come for another visit with Grandmother, but—"Every one reports

a very fine Conference. Goodsil is coming back to his own at last. He was made President of Conference Studies, put on the Committee for Candidates, and called back to the 'Corporación Andina.' We both feel that we have grown humbler and sweeter during this strange trial. I have suffered almost entirely for his sake and with him. May I just whisper to you that Arcos said in his report, 'Coquimbo church stood first of all the churches this year in the Conference.' I do not know just all he meant and you know I just thank the dear Father who has so blessed us. We are to remain here another year. And, Dorothy, just listen. Marian is coming to Serena. Isn't that almost too good to be true? She should arrive on the 28th. Samuel goes to Antofagasta and they are content. Of course they will stop here as they pass. They must be busy packing now. Olive has been better since warm weather but a damp day affects her. Sr. Rómulo Reyes goes to Temuca . . . They organized a Teachers' Association. Continued the Women's Conference. The National Missionary Society had pledged \$2,500, I think. They raised \$2,800. O I'm glad the Lord ever let me come to Chile!"

In February she wrote: "There's now another possible plan of the Bishop's. He telegraphed from Buenos Aires that he *might* wish to send Samuel and Moisés to the States as Chile's representatives to the Centenary. In this case he wished Olive and family and their boxes of goods to remain here with us until their return. He said 'March to July' in the telegram and he asked that we do not make the matter public till further word is received. Samuel and Olive had heard nothing when they last wrote. We wish he could have the rest, the change, and the inspiration of contact with our greatest leaders. It was sweet to see Marian. She is much thinner and was not very well the days she was here. The parting from Paul has evidently tested her strength greatly. The parsonage at Serena was in very bad shape and she has come from such a pretty home. We shall try to visit each other often, but the work is very ab-

sorbing. O for the secret of power! How I long for it! So many of our prayers and efforts seem futile."

Writing on May 8 she said: "There has been a terrible storm in Valparaiso and Santiago, a sort of cyclone, with much loss of property and some lives. Farther south there have been terrible storms at sea, and a young man, a member of our church here, who was pilot on the *Magdalena*, a Grace boat, lost his life near Corral. We had a memorial service for him last evening. We have had nothing notable in the weather here, but the earthquake shocks are frequent.

"We are all very well. Olive certainly is much better than last year. We had letters from Samuel last night. He was in New York and mentioned having heard from you. The children are fine. I cannot find a favorite among them. I am teaching Julia and Arnold every morning. I hope Arnold will remain with us when the family go north. We had Marian over here for her birthday. Took our lunch out on the rocks at Guayaacán. Mr. Reeder was busy with a carpenter and could not come. Then I had a lunch party one day, and an English lunch party is much more of an affair than our simple teas. I have begun the translation of Murray's 'With Christ in the School of Prayer.' Last night the Dorcas Society had their annual sale of fancy work, cake, cream, candy, sandwiches, and tea. The League anniversary, July 25, will be our next big event.

"Your description of the Hillside home and its dear homey details touches my heart. Sometimes I'm weary and think I should like to stop working, but it's only when I am overtired or perhaps a little more hungry than usual for the grass, the trees, the clean streets, the real houses, and for some one to inspire me. You know how after some years we seem to be exhausted spiritually. I am glad Mary wrote you so much about the school. They have a large attendance this year, and with the corner rooms can be better accommodated. I believe "El Vergel" is already the property of the Mission."

The June letter was taken up mostly by accounts of rain, washouts, and shortage of water supply in Coquimbo, where rain was rarely heavy. The next—July—letter reported better weather and said: "Samuel writes nice letters and we are beginning to think of his return. It is true I tire of the noise and confusion incident to such a family in so small a house, but I shrink from having them go away. Arnold's and Olive's birthdays we celebrated on June 20th, the day when the Reeder's could best come over. We took a picnic lunch out to the rocks by the lighthouse. It was a lovely day, warm and still, and the wild flowers were lovely after the rain. We are invited to Serena for the Fourth. The others have been over, but I have not yet seen the renovated house. They are having success in their work, as I knew they would, and Marian is much loved. They'll soon be ahead of us."

The August letter mentioned the winter storms and the damp, cloudy weather that had followed the rains. Influenza was raging and most of the family had been ailing. Olive had had asthma again. "Marian took Arnold to Serena for one week and then took Julia and Raymond while Olive was in bed. Samuel wrote that he could not leave before August 15. Dr. Leazenby and Mr. Bauman visited us on their way south. I do hope the Angol project will be the greatest success."

On November 19 she wrote to Mrs. Wilson: "Samuel arrived the last of September and stayed a week with us before taking the family north. He told us many interesting things about his trip. We are so glad that he could visit you. He looks very much better than when he went away and will bring new enthusiasm and inspiration to his work. Arnold remained with me. I have taught him to read English. He is now getting on nicely with Spanish reading. Olive writes enthusiastically of the work in Antofagasta. It's our biggest church . . . I have lately had some trouble with my eyes. There is no oculist here. Conference is to be held at Concepción, and I have decided that I must go

and visit the dear College again. I anticipate the visit with mingled pleasure and pain."

But this visit never came to pass. Not long after this letter was written, Mrs. Arms found a discharge of pus in her mouth getting so troublesome that an operation was advisable. Rather than go to Santiago or Concepción for such an operation, she sailed for New York just before Christmas. Mr. Arms went to Concepción without her. On the anniversary of his wedding he was lonely and worried. She should be arriving in New York about that time, and he feared the infection might have become worse during the voyage. That was also the birthday of the writer. By way of celebration we made some calls in Talcahuano in the forenoon and in Concepción in the afternoon, and kept too busy to worry. The next morning he received the cable that Mrs. Arms had arrived safely and was no worse. Her own written records are a card and a letter written to Mrs. Wilson during her stay at home. The card said: "Five weeks ago I arrived, January 16, and entered the hospital on the 17th. I expect to have to remain a long time yet. My news from Chile is good."

The letter, written from Tarpon Springs on April 6, 1920, said in reply to Mrs. Wilson's questions: "The doctors could form no satisfactory conclusion as to the cause of the infection. They took three X-ray pictures but found no roots nor signs of tooth trouble. I have had no acute pain except the operation. The doctor did not wish to give any anaesthetic. He did not tell me why, but I know my heart action is not strong. 'Twas very painful, this operation, and lasted for some forty minutes. The nerve shock was considerable and I've been slow in recovering from it. I was eight weeks in the hospital and the memory of it is rather pleasant than otherwise.

"I brought the manuscript for Mr. Arms' book and Dr. Downey now has it for consideration and publication if the Board so decide. You and your journal speak through all its first pages until it might be called your

book. Mrs. Harrington is in the States and came to see me at the hospital. She's looking fine and I'm proud of her as our delegate to General Conference. Rosario married Will Snider and is living in Newburgh, N.Y. Dorothy Richard is at Rialto, California. Her father is with her. A brother of the father lives in Rialto.

"I know I am gaining, for my hand is nearly steady now and I can walk quite a distance without much trembling. My face feels more natural and I sleep more quietly. Another two months may work wonders. The doctors think the hole in my mouth will never entirely close. It is too large. All my plans begin, center, and end with what they shall say to me when I return to the hospital about the middle of June.

"Miss Fisher writes that she is to visit me here. You have not known her so much as some of the others, but she's one of the chosen few who made success possible to Concepción College. She had the Art Department, began it, and brought it to great success. Was in Chile more than 20 years. My last news from Chile was good. Olive and the children were with her father until the heat had lessened in Antofagasta. Samuel had just made the tour of his district, for Conference made him a District Superintendent. He still has charge of the big Antofagasta church. He reported 250 at the last preaching service. Then he is the new president of the National Missionary Society, and is very active in all the Centenary work. Moisés was made Superintendent of Central District and is to assist Dr. George A. Miller, the new Centenary Secretary.

"I must not, cannot close without telling you how wonderfully the Father has sustained me during all this trial. A trial is a proving and I've had the feeling all the time that this was just a lesson given in His love. And I've been most anxious of anything not to miss or misunderstand what He fain would teach. In the operation I was not alone and when the doctors told me that they feared the trouble was malignant and would never

heal, I said, 'Jesus is my healer,' and I've rested in His presence."

A word from Mrs. Reeder, who at that time was at Serena, six or seven miles away—"I tried to help Mr. Arms all I could. He was American Consul, and I presided at his Fourth of July reception to the dignitaries of the town. I remember we were most delighted to explain that the punch or cocktail contained no liquor as the United States had recently put in the 18th Amendment."

When Mrs. Arms went to New York, the doctors found her well enough to return to Chile. After being fitted with a new set of teeth and doing what shopping she needed, she sailed once more, this time accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Zimmerman, who were going to the work in Santiago. In August the steamer *Peru* brought them safely to Chile.

The Conference held in January, 1921, brought changes along the coast. Samuel was transferred to the Iquique church. Mr. Arms was made Superintendent of the Northern District, to live at Iquique with no local church under his care. Mr. Reeder went back to Punta Arenas to complete some work there, while Mrs. Reeder returned to California. The writer went to Rosario, Argentina, saying good-bye to the Reeders in Santiago before she crossed the Andes. Once more the Arms and Valenzuela family were united under one roof and all were happy.

On July 9 Mrs. Arms wrote to Mary Snider: "This is Olive's week as housekeeper and we have a woman coming by the day now to help us with the heavy things. Yesterday we had a social function, inviting all the 'senoras' of the church to take tea with us. We number 40 in our 'King's Daughters' Circle, but only 16 came. I'm happier now that I know the women and can see ways of helping them. I made six calls last week. I mean to continue visiting till I know every home . . . Julia can play quite nicely now, alone or in duets, and she is soon to play accompaniments with her father's violin."

The letter to Mrs. Wilson in September says: "The pestilence did not come to our dwelling and now it is all but gone from the city. One case was reported yesterday from the pest house. In Coquimbo and Santiago it is now very bad . . . Did you not receive the copy of Mr. Arms' book which he ordered sent to you? We are very anxious to have your opinion. It seems to have been well received and now by request of the Conference he is writing an abridged history in Spanish. His correspondence is immense. Bishop Oldham made us a call in passing and seemed well pleased with my written answer to his former question, 'How many of the C.C. Alumnae are living Christian lives to-day?' He said, 'You've supplied me with ammunition to use when I'm attacked with the question, "Do our schools pay?" I wish you'd write some more short sketches of different girls.' I wish I could do it but my hands are yet too full of other things. My women are still enthusiastic. We've invited them to tea for next Monday afternoon when I wish to explain to them about the W.C.T.U., and I hope we may organize a Union here. Olive will have told you about Julia's talent for music. She has more talent than her mother but not the same perseverance. She is young yet and very busy at school."

About the same time Olive wrote: "Yesterday we went for the first public religious service at a plaza in front of the market, where there is always a number of people, and there was such splendid attention. Julia played the hymns on the baby organ. About 300 were listening right around in a semicircle. The pastor from Huara, who is on his way to Tacna and Arica, was with us and he spoke very well."

In the November letter Mrs. Arms mentioned the revival services of the month and then said: "I had fifteen women at Monday afternoon prayermeeting. I've organized a W.C.T.U. of 30 members. I could easily spend all my time and strength among these eager, enthusiastic, but rather ignorant women. And yet they

are ahead of the women I had in Coquimbo or Concepción. I have one pupil in English. She thinks I'm just giving her free lessons in English. I know that I'm 'fishing' for her soul and for her family. The children are doing well in school. Raymond is the brightest, Julia a genius in piano, and Arnold our mechanical genius. I'm planning to go south with my husband in January. I'm asked to take a daily Bible class at the Institute at "El Vergel" and I can visit Concepción, Santiago, Coquimbo, and Valparaiso, beside the Conference and Marta. I've never been to her home."

On February 8, 1922, she wrote from Panquequillo Farm, near Yungay. "Marta and Charlie are still 'novios' and seem very happy. Mamie is just four years old and a specially pretty child. There's a house in town, but Marta comes to the farm every summer during harvest, and this year she is remaining until the rains begin. She calls it 'camping' here, but the very absence of all town amenities adds a charm. We eat out in the wide corridor and full in front of us stretches the Cordillera. We can see four snow-blanketed mountains and Chillan is always smoking. So much green, even the mountains are wooded, and trees are scattered all over the fields. It is charming and restful to those who have lived six years in the desert. I'm drinking in the beauty and treasuring it for future enjoyment. Here's a spring of the clearest, coolest water, never dry and needing no ice. Marta will not let me work. She has servants enough. This is the time of fruit, and plums, apples, and pears cover the ground. Milk, fresh butter, buttermilk, cream, lamb the sweetest and freshest, fowls, &c, &c. Of course they tell me I am getting fat.

"Charlie goes to business in town in the early morning and returns at night. He buys and sells wheat and has charge of a big warehouse. Goodsil and Marta went horseback riding and then we all went in a coach down lanes, poplar lined, where the wild rose bushes reached out to touch branches in the center of the road. They

are now covered with the red seed vessels and are very pretty.

"We left Iquique on January 12 and had a nice trip to Valparaiso, then went by rail to Santiago. We were two days in Santiago and six days in Concepción. Every one was most kind and attentive. So many flowers were brought me that I gathered them in a paper and took an armful down to 'God's Acre' where we scattered them over the sleeping dust of the well-beloved. We were one week at 'El Vergel,' sleeping at the farm house, but spending the days at the camp in the pine grove. Some 75 people slept on the grounds and I counted 115 one day at breakfast. I had a class in Bible study every morning and greatly enjoyed it. We enjoyed Evangelist Huff. His Sunday morning discourse was especially helpful to me. O how grateful and glad we were in the possibility of such gatherings here in Chile, we who organized the first League and planned the first Bible Study class. Truly God hath wrought great things in our day, and then just think of the future. We enjoy Dr. Miller very much. Hugh Stuntz is big and strong and hearty and every one likes him. Olive writes me that they are well."

On account of a serious illness of Bishop Oldham, Conference was not held until February that year. Olive wrote to Mrs. Wilson on February 18: "I am very eager for Conference news. All I know so far is that Father was elected President to preside over the Conference because the Bishop could not get here. I expect a telegram soon. Mother must be still at Yungay visiting Marta. We have had very quiet days with the children, going to the beach to have them bathe sometimes. I am busy with sewing and preparations for the little one coming. Mother will visit Coquimbo before returning."

In the letter of August 2 Mrs. Arms said: "We had a wonderful trip south and reached home the first week in March. I gained five pounds in flesh and much more in strength. Did I not send you a letter after

Arthur Wesley's arrival, April 19th? We asked for a fair-haired girl, but are happy with our bonny boy. The winter has been very disagreeable and colds, grippe, and pneumonia have taken the place of last year's smallpox. We had Arthur baptized last Sunday and with him were two other pretty babies of about his age. I've just read *The Vision we Forget*, by Wilson. Miss Howland sent it to me. We have a small circulating Missionary Library now, with headquarters in Santiago."

In January, 1923, they were moved to Santiago, and the Valenzuelas to Coquimbo. Though I have a letter which Mrs. Arms wrote me in March, I shall quote more at length from one which she wrote Mrs. Wilson in May. "My husband went to Valparaiso on the midday train, to meet Mr. Reeder, who is coming quite ill from Punta Arenas, to continue his voyage to California—home, wife, and son. Julia is living with us and attending Santiago College. She's in Freshman High School and took very good grades this first quarter. Carolina Campos, the daughter of the caretaker for the little girls in Concepción College for twelve years, is with us this winter. She is 21 years old and helps me with the housework, for I have no servant. Both girls are musical, and have gone over to 'El Hogar' to practice, as we have no piano. 'El Hogar' is the Mission Boarding House for the University students.

"What do you think about our change from Iquique? I was very sorry to leave the dear, dirty desert city. I wanted to see what we could do there in, at least, a five-year term, but Bishop Oldham said he needed my husband so much in Santiago that he must arrange the change. Samuel is not strong enough for the double work now required in Iquique, for the pastor of the church again takes the supervision of the District. There seemed no other way, for we are short of men and money. We are in 'labors more abundant' here. I think we are quite as ambitious and probably more efficient than 35 years ago when we arrived. Goodsil is President of the Theological School and teaches

two hours each afternoon. He is Treasurer of the Mission again after 12 years of rest from that task. This time he has a downtown office and a bookkeeper for half a day. Then he's pastor of the First Church, but with an assistant pastor, one of the best of the Seminary students. Added to this are the many calls upon him about property titles, purchases or sales, &c, &c.

"On Monday evenings I teach our Women's Class in First Church. Once each month I meet the same ladies in the afternoon for the business meeting and the temperance rally. I'm President of the W.C.T.U. for Chile. Miss Norville has just been here and I'm to begin more aggressive work among the English-speaking women and the organization of W.C.T.U. departments in all our Societies. Tuesday at 4 p.m. I go to the College for a Y.W.C.A. Bible class with the day pupils from High School who wish it. Wednesday at 3 p.m. the six native ministers' wives meet with me for Bible study, question box, cooking class, &c, &c. Thursdays I'm 'at home' to my friends. Friday afternoon is given to the Dispensary which is mothered by First Church. At present I am organizing and training six women and six young women in what the doctors call 'continuation work,' that is visiting the homes, seeing that orders are followed, teaching hygienic living and of course Temperance and Christian morality. Sunday I teach a large class of young women. S.S. is from 10 to 11:15. Then the preaching service at 8 p.m. I think I am a busy woman, and O how glad I am to be able to serve!"

To Dorothy she wrote a week later: "Our welcome here was wonderful in its cordiality. Really I think Goodsil is now the best loved and most trusted man of the Mission. The Seminary lot is bought and building will not be long delayed, for the money is on hand. Just now we are very sad because the Sixth Church, the last organization, has recently decided to leave the Methodist 'Yankees' and become 'Independent.' Moisés is still in a precarious condition, the doctors say, and he suffers a good deal, but does not give up work."

The June letter to Miss Fisher said: "Last week we had special services every night in all our churches with quite good results. The First Church is as cold as an icebox and many people are thus hindered from attendance in winter. Happily there's good hope that we build a new church there before the year ends. The Seminary building is to be Methodist-Presbyterian. The Committee are to meet here next Monday to study plans."

And a month later she wrote: "Last Monday afternoon I held my women's class in the church, as usual. It was the business meeting and we voted to make our first deposit of \$50 in the Savings Bank, for the new church. Goodsil has received the first gifts for the new church building. The Deaconess Training Home and the Seminary money is on hand. So I think we'll have three new buildings in Santiago by next year. Friday evenings I've given to any of the Seminary students who care to spend the evening here. They seem pleased with the attention. Olive, Samuel, and the boys have all been ill, but my yesterday's letter says all are out of bed now."

In a December letter she said: "The Seminary classes closed in November with two graduates, one a Methodist and one a Presbyterian, so Goodsil's work is some lighter. The Seminary buildings have been begun on the new lot and it is expected will be ready for occupancy the next term. The year has been perfectly harmonious. All the students organized a Gospel team and have been visiting all the churches in and around Santiago. God has blessed them. Work on the new First Church building is soon to be commenced. A temporary structure on a part of the lot is to serve the congregation until we can use the new building . . . Santiago College exams close this week. Julia thinks she is sure to pass in everything. She has led her first Epworth League service and sings alto in the church chorus. No one believes that she is not yet 13 years old. I have reported 200 members to the World's

W.C.T.U. and should receive 200 more names from our several societies. Some of my old Concepción College students have come to my S.S. class and have put their children in the Primary department. We think that next year, when they return from the country, we can reorganize our old College King's Daughters circle."

As far as the usual routine of work was concerned, in the Seminary, in First Church, Sunday school, Dispensary, and Temperance societies, 1924 was much like the preceding year. As for recreation, which Mrs. Arms never allowed to occupy a very large place in her life, the large groups of English and Americans living in the capital offered social contacts such as she had found in no other South American city. The buildings were going up, yet they did not need the constant supervision of Mr. Arms, as the early buildings in Concepción had done. Little Raymond, now eight years old, was living with them and attending school. Julia was making progress in Santiago College.

General Conference was held in May in Springfield, Massachusetts. Moisés Torregrosa was Ministerial Delegate from Chile. As soon as the Conference closed, he went to Chicago, where, in Wesley Hospital, he underwent a serious operation for duodenal ulcers. For days his life was despaired of, but friends in many parts of the world lifted hands of prayer and were answered. In August Moisés sailed for Chile, accompanied by his nurse, Dorothy Collins, a graduate of Concepción College. The doctors had said that he might live a year. To-day, twelve years later, he is about to sail once more after the close of General Conference. Those twelve years have been filled with hard work as pastor and district superintendent, conference delegate, and lecturer. His doctors in the hospital are all dead.

But another worker found that her work was finished. Ever since her return to Vermont in 1911, Dorothy Richard had worked as hard and as sacrificially for the home folks as she had done in Chile. Her mother had died several years before this, and she and her

father had finally left the farm and gone to live with her brother in the town. On Monday, June 16, 1924, she was not feeling well, but with her usual spirit of sacrifice she insisted that her brother and his wife should attend the graduation of their eldest son, as they had planned. After they had gone, she steadily grew worse, and on Wednesday afternoon she was not, for God took her, and the hundreds of friends to whom she had ministered so faithfully felt that a great soul had gone home, and there was a vacant place in their lives that could never be filled.

When the appointments were made at the next Conference, the Rev. Cecilio Venegas was made pastor of First Church and Mr. Arms was set free for the work of the Treasurer and of the Seminary, which was moved to the new building at 380 Miguel Claro Avenue, in Providencia. Mrs. Arms again had charge of the boarding department, this time on a smaller scale, for there were never so many theological students as there had been younger students in the other schools. The new building also had some apartments for other missionary families. Best of all, Samuel was appointed to Second Church, Santiago, which was in the southern part of the city, in the section known as "Matadero," and the family were once more all in the same city.

The new building of First Church was dedicated by Bishop Oldham on April 26, 1925. It is larger and more commodious than the church in Concepción which was dedicated eleven years before. Writing to Mary Snider and me on May 16, Mrs. Arms said, "We enjoy our new church very much. Are to have classes for adults upstairs and Primary Department below. I have my own room, which we share with the Women's class each Monday." It was a long way from Providencia to First Church, and car service was very poor, yet she did not fail her classes.

The letter went on: "I have brought my writing out here on the back porch where it's lovely—so nice, warm, and sunny and with the long stretch of snow-clad moun-

tains right in front. The Stuntz family has gone to Valparaiso, so we are short their board and rent. We are trying to rent their apartment, for we hear Mr. McLean will not be back this year. On Wednesday of this week the C.C. Club met with me. I'm repaid many fold for all my patience with them in other years, as I see how their love for me endures. Our first Club contribution is to be given to Mrs. Wilson. The girls remembered you and sent love. Write to them and let us have your names as associate members. I did not go to the last Music Club meeting at 'El Hogar.' No cars. All our schools are full this year; 85 boarders in Colegio Americano. I think the Deaconess School will not be opened till 1927.

"The Dispensary was full yesterday, and one other day this week there were 130 patients. I took in the S.S. wall roll yesterday and talked from two of its pictures. If I could only get the same crowd more than once I might do something. Yes, it's nice to have Olive nearer, but I see very little of her. We are both too busy. She teaches piano in the College two afternoons each week. Samuel has two hours a week here in the Sem. I have two classes in English each week, and on Thursday evenings have a social with students and their wives. Once a month I invite the professors and wives also. I wish I could be ten women."

In September she wrote, "I know I've written you about your letter to the C.C. Club. Thanks. We have raised \$60 for Mrs. Wilson and plan to send it for her birthday. I want them to give something to First Church but depend on the Protestant girls for that. You'll give us a contribution I'm sure when you are again at work. We are working for a C.C. scholarship. Miss Beyer is bringing the College back to its old time prestige. She writes, 'We are doing much religious work, and with no opposition.' But she is so frail, I fear she will not last out for another year. Let us pray."

The year 1926 was marked by the opening of "Sweet Memorial" on June 16. This institution for social

work, of which Mrs. Arms had dreamed for the last ten years, was made possible by a gift from the Sweet family of Topeka, Kansas. A beautiful building had been erected at 1035 Sargento Aldea Street, and Second Church was accommodated in its auditorium. The Dispensary, or Clinic for the poor, which Mrs. Arms had helped, was now moved to this institution. A Day Nursery was an important part of the work. Mothers who had to go out to work by the day could leave their young children, to be bathed, fed, and cared for during the working day, by paying the sum of fifty centavos—less than three cents. There was a kindergarten, a supervised playground, and various clubs for young people and adults. Most far-reaching of all, perhaps, was the Deaconess Training School. The regular course covers three years, but there are shorter courses for pastors' wives and other church workers. During the first year Miss Dorothy Morse was the missionary nurse in charge. At the Conference of 1927 Mrs. Lora Hauser was named as Directora, Miss Morse as nurse, and Rev. Arthur F. Wesley as Treasurer, an important position, as funds for the support of the institution had to be raised locally. When Mrs. Hauser left Santiago in 1928 Mrs. Ethel S. Carhart was transferred from Concepción to become Directora of Sweet, which has become a great power in Chile.

The Annual Conference of 1927 was held in the Pine Grove at El Vergel, another important religious center of Chile. Bishop Miller had come from Mexico to preside, in the absence of Bishop Oldham. Mr. Arms and Samuel had asked permission to leave Chile after this conference. They were given a leave of absence rather than a place on the retired list. The Rev. Roberto Elphick made an eloquent speech, recalling the difficulties which Mr. and Mrs. Arms had surmounted in their early years in Chile; the pastors who had been converted under their ministry, trained, and guided in the work of evangelizing their native land; and the schools, churches, and other institutions which they had built. All those present expressed their love and ap-

preciation for the four dear friends who were about to leave their circle, and some shed tears, for the Chilean is not afraid to show his emotion.

Similar scenes were enacted at Concepción and Santiago on their return. Flowers, gifts, and words of appreciation showered upon them. More than half their lives had been lived in Chile, the land and the people had become very dear to them, and they were greatly loved by those to whom they had brought not only a personal knowledge of salvation but also a warm personal love. Early in March, 1927, they sailed away, a little less than 39 years from the day when they had arrived as strangers filled with faith and hope for the fulfilment of their great commission. Now, indeed, the fight had been fought, the battle had been won, and yet it was not time for the coronation.

CHAPTER VIII

SAFE HOME AT LAST

When Mrs. Arms was at home in 1916, she wrote to Dorothy from Tarpon Springs, "We are as perfectly at home here as we would be anywhere. The people are delightful and I can plainly see that some day we may settle here. I like it better than Los Angeles or Pasadena, because it is a smaller place, we are in the edge of town, really outside the city limits, and there is no rush and hurry, no street cars or any strenuous work. Then Aunt Julia needs us. She ought not to live alone." And now the time for such settlement had come.

The family arrived in Tarpon Springs on April 10, 1927. It was delightful for them all to be at home in Aunt Julia's big house on the hilltop, among the orange trees, yet soon Mr. Arms bought a piece of land from his sister and built a commodious bungalow. Samuel, who was not retiring from work, began to look for an appointment to preach in Spanish, in a place where Olive might be free from asthma. On the 14th of October Samuel and Olive, with the two younger children, went to Emporia, Kansas, to take charge of the mission to the Mexicans in that city. Julia and Arnold had entered Tarpon Springs High School. It was time for the grandparents to rest.

Writing to me in July, 1928, Mrs. Arms said, "Marta González Burrows and Mamie are here with us. They arrived May 27 and will return in September. I teach Mamie an hour each day. She is an apt pupil and will enter Santiago College on her return, not so very much behind girls of her age. It's nice to have them here, as I miss Arnold and Julia so much. Julia graduated June 8th and on the 18th they left for Kansas. Julia came out second in the class of 26. Goodsil went to General Conference. Then he visited Olive in her home and went out to his sister's in Colorado. Brought his elder brother back with him. He is living with Julia Currier and we

have the care of both establishments. Theron is 78 and not well. The days pass quickly. One day each week I reserve for 'pastoral' calls."

The October letter said, "Arnold is with us again. Is as tall now as his grandfather. As vice president of the junior class he is beginning the year well. Julia is in Morningside College, Sioux City. She's to have three hours Conversation in Spanish, one hour a day, each week and two hours in the evening. For this they promise her room and board. She has a scholarship also, and is in the Conservatory, one lesson a week with the best professor. Brother Theron has just had a six weeks sick spell. Goodsil was chief nurse and it was a heavy task. I'm pretty well loaded up for the year: W.C.T.U. —Superintendent of Child Welfare Department, W.F.M.S. —Superintendent of King's Heralds, W.H.M.S., Ladies' Aid, a Sunday-school class of boys just from the Primary, W.C.T.U. and Loyal Temperance Legion among the Negroes. I am asked to be president of the W.C.T.U. next year. What do you think of that for a schedule? Letters have rushed in since the hurricane and I now owe as many as 30, but a few weeks ago I was up to date. The hurricane did not touch this coast. My home is lovely and the housework is a pleasure."

The next letter was written in December. "November was a busy month and you got crowded out, but really I have my work so well planned that it is not overburdensome. Monday is W.C.T.U. day with meetings, committees, calls, and correspondence. Tuesday afternoon is filled with church activities — W.F.M.S., W.H.M.S., Ladies' Aid, twice each month. Wednesday is for King's Heralds, Church prayer meeting, and calls. Thursday is letter writing day. Friday—the colored work. This is my missionary work. Saturday is the round-up day of what has been left during the other days. What do you hear from Chile? Santiago College is sadly crippled by the widening of Avenida Brazil. 'Sweet' is thriving under the Carharts."

The letter written on January 27, 1929, had an apology for delay, due to a severe cold. "Then came the

preparations for Bishop and Mrs. Oldham's coming. Of course I wanted everything clean, in order, and at its best. They arrived on Tuesday and left to-day. We enjoyed them very much. They are easy to care for. We had a District meeting one day with a big supper in the church. On Thursday evening we gave a reception here in the house for the visitors. The Bishop is going to Morningside for a course of lectures, so will see Julia. She is getting on all right, more interested in piano than anything else.

"We had a quiet anniversary—46 years married. And Goodsil had a birthday on the 22nd. He was 75 years old. He's not as vigorous as I am. Mrs. Oldham says I must get the 'go' out of my blood or she fears a crash."

In April she wrote, "As you know, I'm President of the local W.C.T.U. and that has required much extra work. We have been to St. Petersburg, Largo, Clearwater, and then to our Annual Conference at Lake Worth. This necessitated an auto ride of about 600 miles. Goodsil and I went with friends in their car. It did not tire me much. It was nice to be at Conference, but it made me more homesick for Chile. We are talking now of a trip to Kansas in June. Our car is a very easy one. We are all so anxious to see Olive and the rest of our family. Arnold is doing very well in school and is developing a decided talent for singing. I have had many chances to speak about Chile, South America, Chilean Women, and the like, but as yet have received no money for doing so."

The May letter said, "We are well, but Mr. Arms seems to be failing in strength. It's the wrench in giving up his work in Chile, and our separation from Olive. He visited her last June, and now this year we are planning to go to spend June with her." The letter written from Emporia had a few items of news: "Julia is busy in summer school with French and Psychology. We think she will continue here in Emporia College next year. She can have work as secretary of the Spanish professor, also library work, and can be at home. Did

you know that Paul Reeder was appointed to Syracuse University as Philosophy Professor? I hope the Reeders will move there."

September 15, 1929, "Our schools here will begin tomorrow. We had a fine trip out to Kansas and an equally fine experience in returning. We took six days each way. I prefer our return route and the Cumberlandlands to the Ozarks. We did not get overtired and the change did Mr. Arms great good. I was sick while there and three days in bed, but it proved nothing serious. We arrived home July 13, bringing Arthur with us. Of course Arnold returned. He proved to be a very expert chauffeur and I am glad we ventured the trip.

"Stella Eaton, my roommate in the Seminary 60 years ago, arrived here July 20 for a visit. She was taken sick the second day after her arrival. Had an attack of malarial fever and is not yet well."

The December letter said, "We are all quite well now. My boys are doing well in school. I have had more outside church activities this winter than usual. Next Friday Goodsil and I have the program at the Tourist Club. He can use a lantern and I think I shall begin with 'Earthquakes.' Can you outline my thought? I'm sorry to hear that Mr. Reeder is feeble. Marian says little about him. I do not call Goodsil 'feeble' but he's not so strong in some ways as I am. High blood pressure, 190, urges me on. Just now we are alone, but we're expecting the Oldhams in January. My friend, who was with us three months, has rented a room in town and will spend the winter here."

Writing on January 12, 1930, Mrs. Arms said, "Olive arrived one week ago yesterday and already she seems stronger and coughs less. A wealthy lady there gave her a three months excursion ticket. One physician told me that high blood pressure was 'compensating.' It's like the steam that moves the engine, and without it, I fear I should not be worth much. I do not mean to be careless, but I cannot 'sit still and wait to die.' "

The next letter was written on April 15. "Bishop and Mrs. Oldham arrived January 29. They are as love-

ly as ever and seemed so glad to come here. They were with us three weeks, when the Bishop was called to Pittsburg for a committee meeting. We had planned to have our dinners out, and so got along all right, even when my hand slipped from the rudder. On February 2 I went to bed, too ill for supper. Tuesday morning the doctor was summoned. He found high fever. He came again in the afternoon and injected a remedy. Wednesday the fever reached 105 and they rushed me off to our local hospital. Goodsil and Olive had never seen mother delirious and it frightened them very much. The fever yielded to treatment, and in a week I came home. But I was not very well or strong, and several times I had fever again. The doctor called it malarial fever and isn't it strange where I got it? Stella had malarial fever and I cared for her. Do you suppose some one old mosquito bit her and then bit me? Well, I got well slowly and am all right now, except not quite so strong, nor fleshy, nor ambitious.

"O it will be lovely if you can take that trip to Florida and spend a week with us. I'm expecting Miss Fisher next week and the Reeders will motor here in June, on their return to California. Arnold will graduate in June and Raymond plans to come to us next year."

The next letter, written in June, said, "Time does fly so fast. Olive left us April 29 and Arthur returned with her. How we do miss him! She improved the last month and writes that she is still gaining. Arnold graduated from High School June 6 and left for Emporia June 9. His class in the hospital—pre-Medical—began the 12th and he is busy there now till September, when the College classes begin. His work in Hospital provides for room, board, washing, and uniform and does not interfere with his getting his A.B. in the usual four years. Beside it will save him a year in medical school. Raymond came to us the week before Arnold left. He is now 14 and will enter the Junior class in High School, thus graduating in two years more.

Then he'll be ready for College. We could not educate three at once did they not help themselves so much. O these children! They are the interest of our lives.

"The Reeder's came Thursday, two weeks ago, and left on Sunday. Had a good visit. Marian is the same as ever, better in health than when in Chile. Mr. Reeder seems all right and Paul is fine."

In September I made the long promised visit to Mrs. Arms in her home, arriving on the fourth and staying until the twentieth. Mrs. Arms had a rest from her church duties, and the days were filled with household tasks, with auto trips to places of interest, even going as far as the Bok Tower near Lake Wales, and especially with resting and talking. In spite of letters, there were many things in those fifteen years of separation and in the life of our Chilean friends for us to talk over. She told me more about Clara Sherburne and her death in 1917. She told me again about that wonderful trip to Europe in 1903. But of all the things said in those weeks, the one which I remember best was her statement that for the last fifteen years she had lived with the daily consciousness that any day might be her last. No one could have dreamed that she was living with such a secret, when he saw the amount of work she accomplished. Her home was delightful and restful, with its spacious rooms, smooth lawn, orange trees all around, and "Aunt Julia" and "Uncle Theron" close by. Some afternoons Raymond and I went swimming in the Gulf of Mexico. Some evenings we played chess, or I played with Mr. Arms, who was so weak and shaky that he was quite unlike his former self, though he was just the same in mind. The visit was one to be long remembered.

On September 29 she wrote, "I have missed you. We are having a busy week. I told you my vacation was ending with your departure. I'll enclose a Sunday's Bulletin and then you will better understand what we are doing. First, the members of church and congregation were so divided that each one should be called

upon. We had four names and made those calls this afternoon. I began my work at the Colored school on Friday. They gave me a good welcome. The colored teachers are due to come here Wednesday to decide on pieces for our Medal Contest. And so the days pass. You can see us now and know better what we are doing. I have been asked to speak to the P.T.A. on October 15."

The November letter mentions the usual round of activities and then says, "This last month we have been sadly bereft in our church. Four of our most faithful members have been called to higher service. Who will come to take their places in the church societies? I have been feeling unusually well, Godsil seems stronger. News from Kansas is good. Julia and Arnold are getting good grades. Miss Fisher has decided not to come to Florida this winter. Sister Hermie's children in California claim her for the winter, so I guess we shall be alone. I hear that the Oldhams leave next week for South America. Never mind. I can always find something to do. Had a Medal Contest in the Colored school on October 24. Was reelected President of the W.C.T.U. and have the year's program pretty well planned."

On December 1 she wrote, "The Campbells arrived some three weeks ago. Were with us only two days and one night. They took an apartment opposite Dr. Albaugh's. Mr. Campbell has a bad heart and she does not seem well. It seems nice to have them here. For Thanksgiving dinner we had them here and Julia and Theron. Then I sent full plates to old man Forsythe. I like what you say about books very much and only wish I could get every one of them to read."

February 9, 1931, "Just now we are having special evangelistic services every afternoon and evening. Dr. A. E. Smith, who was President of Ohio Northern University for 25 years and is now retired, is preaching. He gave two strong sermons yesterday to full audiences. Then some fifteen of us went to an organ recital in

St. Johns Church at Tampa. And last week Saturday I went with Raymond to Clearwater to see the famous Lincoln film. It was fine. I had not seen a 'movie' for 25 years and never a talking one. News from Kansas is pretty good. I'm pretty proud, I tell you, for each one of the children took the highest marks in midyear exams. Am I not justified?

"Bishop Miller wrote us of Conference. Iquique School was closed by the Board's action but the Nationals and Alumni are going to continue on self-support. Maurine Carhart wrote that her mother would stay in Chile another year, so as to prevent the closing of Colegio Americano. She's a missionary for you! Our little radio has been working fine. Raymond has got about 20' stations. I have enjoyed Cadman and Fosdick on Sundays."

Early in March she wrote, "The care of the S.T.I. Contest with our three schools and 800 pupils has kept one old lady of my acquaintance a little too busy. But that is ended now. We took the precious prize pile to Clearwater last Saturday. Raymond won first prize and he bids fair to get the second. His English is so much better than the pupils here. The W.C.T.U. is sponsoring an effort to awake public sentiment in favor of law enforcement. We have had several meetings, made many calls, circulated a petition, and seen some results. I do not know as our town is worse than any other, but it is too wet."

The April letter began, "I hear a mocking bird and the grove is white with bloom. As I walk over the sand, carpeted with orange petals, it seems like snow, while the air is almost nauseating with the fragrance. It has been a cold, cloudy, disagreeable winter, very different from the others we have passed here, but spring has come at last. The Campbells plan to take us to Port Richey this afternoon. They expect to leave for the north next week. We shall miss them, but I think they will return."

In May she mentioned a lameness due to poor circulation and then said, "Julia and Theron are well.

She's the strongest one of the bunch, save for her hips. The youngest brother, Melford, has just died in San Francisco. He had no family. So we pass on and away. Who will be the next one? We had our Florida Annual Conference here last month. 'Twas a gigantic task for so small a church, but everything went off fine. I went last Thursday for my last class at Colored school. I want to work with the women next year."

The letter of June 3 said, "Mr. Reeder is very sick. Is in the Hospital waiting for a serious operation. Goodsil's brother in California has just died from the same trouble, common, it seems to me, among elderly men. The Carharts are expected to arrive in Havana June 25; then we meet them at Tampa. I suppose they will be in a rush. Expect to return in January. We have given up our trip north, till September, it may be. The truth is we neither of us feel strong enough for the required effort."

July 2, 1931, "Mr. Reeder is in the University Hospital in Syracuse. The doctor hoped he could undergo the major operation this week, but I've no word about it from Marian yet. I hardly expect he will live. But—for him, it will be blessed to go, a promotion to be desired. Paul is Marian's tower of strength. He has his Ph.D. now. The Carharts have come and gone. Your letter was here to greet them. They arrived on Sunday morning and left on Tuesday. We enjoyed them very much. I do hope the Board will let them go back to Chile. We are planning now to go north in September when Goodsil can attend the Centennial at Wesleyan. Sister Hermie will come to live with Raymond, here in our house, and look after the others when necessary."

Writing on September 4, she said, "I'm enjoying another attack of malaria, the two kinds, in fact, together. Am not so acutely sick as before. Went earlier to the doctor this time. He thinks we can leave for the north by the 14th. Mr. Reeder had the operation on Tuesday morning. Marian wrote in the afternoon and everything seemed favorable. Our new minister has a

series of missionary talks on Wednesday evenings this month. Goodsil spoke on Wm. Taylor and his work on September 2, and I'm to review the work of Wm. Carey at the next meeting. My birthday was the most quiet one in many years. We dined together at Julia's and invited the minister and his wife."

The next letter was written on October 20 from Mrs. Reeder's home in Syracuse to a group of friends who had been at Iquique together. "We left home September 16 and have had a wonderful trip. New York City came first. How the Board Rooms are changed, but the friends there, new and old, were very cordial. Next came Brattleboro and a visit to the church to which I went as a bride. Then Rutland, where our nephew, Edwin Currier, lives. He was ten years in Chile with us. Northfield, my childhood's home, and quiet Elmwood where my parents rest, Montpelier and our 'Alma Mater,' Richford, Mr. Arms' early home, Leominster in Massachusetts, and then Syracuse. Norwich, N.Y., and Philadelphia to the Clugstons, remain. We expect to reach home October 28. We have traveled by bus when possible and friends have taken us for long drives over the glory-crowned hills. The foliage is at its loveliest. I've seen the Alps, crossed the Rockies and the Andes, and motored over the Ozarks and Cumberlands, but Vermont is not to be surpassed. You know Syracuse, some of you. Paul Reeder received his Ph.D. last June and is teaching in the University. Mr. Reeder is recovering from a five months hospital experience. We joy in all your griefs and are glad we ever knew you. I'm sure we're all fond of Iquique. Let us help. Our work in Chile has not been in vain. Were I young, I'd choose it again as my field. How we did enjoy the Carharts' short visit! They are the Lord's own."

Mr. and Mrs. Arms reached their home in Tarpon Springs on Thursday, October 29, at 5:00 p.m. How good it seemed to be there and begin to rest from the long, delightful journey! And yet the next day proved

to be the one to which Mrs. Arms had been looking forward for so many years. About five o'clock she was taken with severe pain in her head, caused by the rupture of a blood vessel in the brain. For about twenty minutes she retained consciousness, and then, seven hours later, she entered peacefully into her Heavenly home and reward. At 11:30 p.m. on October 30, 1931, as we count time on earth, she was face to face with Him in whose presence she had always been.

Olive received the telegram on Saturday morning and left Emporia at noon to go to her father. She has given the following account of the service which was held at 7:30 on Monday evening, immediately after her arrival: "The funeral service, though simple, was a very beautiful one. It was held in the home she loved so much. The pleasant, ample rooms gave space for all the nearest friends to attend. The Rev. Robert Witty with three other ministers of the town held the service, and a quartette sang the hymns, 'It is well with my soul,' and 'We'll say Good Night here but Good Morning up there.'

"Mrs. Arms looked so happy and peaceful, just as if in a light slumber, that it seemed as if she must be hearing the words which were said. The few words that the Rev. Mr. Witty said were spoken quietly, yet were full of assurance, and the presence of our Father was in our midst. Heaven seemed near during those moments. Mr. Witty said in part:

" 'Mrs. Arms was born and nurtured in Northfield, Vermont. Something of the calm strength of granite grew in her soul; yet here was no bare, rocklike hardness, for every side of her life blossomed with its covering of the sweet flowers of Christian kindness and love. This very character of adamant opposition against evil, mellowed by a Christ-like passion for the souls of men, drew the hearts of Brother and Sister Arms into one . . . Time would fail me to tell of all her labor in Chile, her work in the United States, her influence in the General Conference and in the W.C.T.U. World Con-

ference at Geneva, Switzerland. Generations shall rise up to call her blessed, for her children in the Lord number far more than we who knew her in the years of her ebbing strength can ever know . . . We shall praise God for the gift of this life so freely and effectively offered for us. We shall determine so to live that we too may be her fellow-workers in Christ's great work. What did you say when at eventide you saw the sunlight, whose source was hidden in the distant clouds, drawing the water by golden threads from some far lake or stream toward the heavens? Then say of Mrs. Arms, "Her life, though now hidden in God's love, draws us toward the heavenly shore with golden bands of love."

' "God lifts us gently to His world of glory,
Even by the love we feel for things of clay,
Lest in our wayward hearts we should forget him,
And forfeit so the mansion of our rest.
He leads our dear ones forth and bids us seek them
In a far distant home, among the blest.
So we have guides to Heaven's eternal city,
And when our wandering feet should backward stray,
The faces of our Dead arise in brightness
And fondly beckon to the holier way." '

"There were two memorial services held in Tarpon Springs, one by the W.H.M.S. and W.F.M.S. of her church, the other at the W.C.T.U. District Gathering. Here a lovely tribute was given to her work among the Colored children of the town, and a group of the Colored High School sang two songs.

"In far away Chile, where so many loved her, three memorial services were held. The Rev. Moisés Torregrosa was in charge of one at the gymnasium of Concepción College and another at the church, and there was a large attendance. In Santiago, at the First Methodist Church, a service was held with special invitations to the alumnae and students of Concepción College. The decorating of the church was done by Mrs. Florencia Ham de Urrutia, one of the most faithful of the Concepción College Club started by Mrs. Arms for 'her girls' living in the Capital while she lived there."

The morning after the service at the home in Tarpon Springs, Mr. Arms and Raymond started with the body for Northfield, Vermont. Funeral services were held there by the Rev. Dr. W. R. Davenport, Mr. Arms' college chum, and two other pastors. Then she was laid to rest in lovely "Elmwood" beside her father, mother, brothers and sisters, and friends. Safe home at last!

After Mr. Arms and Raymond returned from Northfield, Olive was ill for ten days with asthma. By the first of December she had recovered and had collected and disposed of some of her mother's things, so that she could go to her own home and leave "Aunt Hermie" to keep house for her father and Raymond. At that time Mr. Reeder was again very ill in the hospital. He passed away on the 18th of January.

Raymond graduated from high school in June with high honors. When he went home, his grandfather went with him and spent the summer in Emporia. Mr. Arms' feebleness was increasing, not only because he had lost his lifelong partner, but also because of financial losses. Nearly all the money that they had saved by the sacrifices of many years for the purpose of educating the children was lost in crashes in Florida and in Chile. Yet in September he returned to Tarpon Springs. Julia Valenzuela went with him, to teach in the High School and keep house for her grandfather. It was not long before he became so ill that the young girl could no longer handle the situation. Olive went home once more, to care for her father's last days. On December 9, 1932, he too passed into the Beyond, to go no more out forever. One more journey to Northfield, one more grave in "Elmwood," and a golden wedding celebrated in Heaven.

CHAPTER IX

APPRECIATIONS

From the many letters which Mr. Arms received after the passing of Mrs. Arms he selected a few to be included in such a book as this. The first, of course, was from Mrs. Reeder: "Syracuse, November 1. Dear Brother Arms, It is Sunday afternoon, the sun is setting clear, and my page is flooded with its glory. Such is the glory of a life setting clear and going down beyond our ken to rise again to brighten another world forever and ever. Thank you for remembering to send us a telegram. I have written to Olive but am sending it to you, for I feel she is there by to-day. I have written to Lottie Vimont and other friends . . . May God comfort you! Her sudden going was far easier for her than sickness and failing health for months and years. I wish I were near you. There will be no distance in Heaven.

Lovingly, Marian."

Union Academy, Tarpon Springs, Nov. 2,

Dear Mr. Arms and Family: The school is aware of the death of your loving and friendly wife and at this time wishes to express our sympathy during these hours of bereavement. We bow our heads in humble submission to Him who knoweth best. We feel that with the passing of Mrs. Arms we have lost one of the best friends we have ever had. We shall miss the weekly lectures on temperance and shall always feel the great loss of this very distinguished and noble character. May God help you to brace up and think of "Blessed is her that sleeps in the arms of Jesus."

Submitted: Miss Alma Theora Myrick
Mrs. Freddie Mae Sands
The entire student body
Principal Levy Gregg

Pottsville, Pa., November 5, 1931

Dear Olive, How grieved I was for you and Mr. Arms on hearing of your dear mother's going from you. Dear Marian wrote me on Monday and I received her letter yesterday. Heaven is richer by her entering and we all can have pleasant memories of her helpfulness to every one who came in contact with her. God bless and sustain you in this hour of earthly affliction.

Yours with love, Alice H. Fisher

Rochester, N.Y., November 9, 1931

My dear Uncle Goodsil, I was greatly shocked to hear of the death of Aunt Ida. I am glad that Mother could be there with you at the time. When I think of Aunt Ida, I think of one who has done more to be of service in the spread of Christ's kingdom than can ever be seen or estimated on this earth. The lives she has touched, the hearts she has made happy, the sacrifices for Christ and His kingdom that she has made and has inspired others to make are all things that our Father alone can judge. I remember Aunt Ida when I was but a lad at home in Batavia. Those are precious memories to me. I am glad that I could see her when I was in Florida four years ago this winter. I want to express my deepest sympathy to you. May our Father grant you the "peace that passeth all understanding and knowledge."

Your loving nephew, Donald Chappell

Chicago, Illinois, November 2, 1931

My dear Mr. Arms and Olive, Mrs. Reeder sent me word of the passing of our dearly beloved Mrs. Arms. How I wish that I might be with you as you journey to Northfield. How lonely you are, how saddened your hearts are. The rest of the journey here will be hard for Mr. Arms without her at his side. But how beautiful is the death of those like Mrs. Arms, ready at any moment. I remember so many years ago her saying once that she wanted to become so beautiful in her life that God could not get along without her in Heaven. Think of the hosts there to welcome her whom she helped here. Has she seen my dear Rosario? My deep

love to you both with prayers that our Heavenly Father will comfort and strengthen you through all the way. Thanks to Him for dear Mrs. Arms. God keep you.

As ever, Mary L. Snider.

Sunday Eve, November 8, 1931

Dear Mr. Arms: Arthur and I have thought of you so anxiously many times since hearing of Mrs. Arms' sudden homegoing, and have wished we knew if you have been entirely prostrated by your great sorrow. It seemed to us with your frail health that you needed her. But though we cannot understand why you should be so bereft, we know you are not left comfortless, for "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." What a welcome she must have received from the throngs gathered about her; we can imagine they carried her to Jesus to hear the "Well done," he would say to her. After you left us that Saturday morning, I got out your History of the South American Missions and read the book again. What wonderful faith you and Mrs. Arms had, and wonderful success attended your long years of service. Her work cannot be thought of apart from yours, nor yours apart from hers; it was all interwoven and made a complete whole. Words cannot express what Mrs. Arms' friendship all these years has meant to me, nor how much I miss her. I can only be thankful I had such a friend, and be thankful for her that she rests from her labors. With heartfelt sympathy to your family, and especially for yourself, from Arthur as well as the writer.

Sincerely your friend, Marion E. Merrifield

Newport, Vermont, November 8, 1931

Dear Mr. Arms, We certainly were shocked and saddened when we received Mrs. Reeder's letter telling that Mrs. Arms "was not, for God had taken her." Our Dorothy would say, "O blessed Mother Arms, for she is now with God." Yes, but nevertheless I cannot but think too of what it means for you to have your dear companion and helpmeet so suddenly snatched from your

side. I know too, however, that because you have dwelt in the Secret Place of the Most High these many, many years, your heart is saying, "My Jesus, as thou wilt." Your life work, and Mrs. Arms' too—years of willing, faithful service, years when the giving of your time and strength and money was sacrificial giving—years when many times disappointment or opposition or discouragement drove you both closer to God for guidance and strengthened cooperation between you two—years when your work's efforts were crowned with success of numberless witnesses gained for His Kingdom—all of these things have helped assure you now in your utter loneliness, that you are safe in His care and keeping. Your heart must be filled with praise and thanksgiving that God has so blessed the work and efforts of Mrs. Arms and yourself as to make His Gospel effective in so large a territory and to the saving and making happy of so many people. Dear Mrs. Arms deserves to be classed with the other noble heroines of missionary history. A loving mother, a devoted wife, a faithful, never-tiring, marvelous child of God—coworker with God, has entered into Rest and has heard the "Well done" of her Master. Rest assured that Emanuel and Margaret Richard have always had and still will have the highest regard for you and Mrs. Arms and your family, because of what you meant to our dear Dorothy. And now our hearts go out to you in sincere sympathy and love.

Margaret R.

Pottsville, Pennsylvania, November 17

Dear Uncle Goodsil, We were shocked and greatly grieved at the news about the sudden passing of Aunt Ida. It does not seem possible that she has gone from us to her greater and more wonderful home. Of course, she was ready, and could say with great joy as she entered Heaven, "Father." It has been said that the three stars of Christianity shine in the first words of the Lord's Prayer. All of faith shines in the word "Father," all of love in the word "our," all of hope

in the word "Heaven." I believe that Aunt Ida lived under such a heaven on earth, and that her soul and mind were being constantly illuminated by flashes from the Father. My mind goes back to the September holidays of 1911 and 1912, and the longer summer vacations in Concepción, and how kind you all were to me at your home. And then I think of some of the many lives whom you two and Olive and Samuel helped to find light and life and peace and joy. Earth has lost one of God's true messengers. Now, without the handicap of a tired body, she will work for the Master above. And you will have mystic, sweet communion with her here until that day when God will speed your soul on the way to her. We all send much love.

Your nephew, Merlyn

Douglas, Arizona, November 25, 1931

My dear Mr. Arms, We were very much grieved to learn, through Miss Snider, of the passing of Mrs. Arms, and we want to express to you our deep sympathy at your loss. We know that your Christian faith and hope will sustain you through your bereavement. Mrs. Arms will wear with real grace and fitness the crown that was waiting for her, for there was always something queenly about her. We shall always treasure the memory of our visit at your home upon our return from Chile, and the peace and happiness which reigned there. Mrs. Hollister joins me in loving sympathy.

Affectionately yours, Paul E. Hollister

World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union
Office of President

December 14th, 1931

Rev. G. F. Arms, D.D.
623 East Tarpon Avenue
Tarpon Springs, Florida

Dear Dr. Arms:—Please accept my sincere sympathy in the homegoing of your dear wife. I had much correspondence with her when she was president of Chile, and occasionally heard from her after her removal to

Tarpon Springs. The world is poorer when such women are called away, but we know that a life spent in the Master's service means Eternal Joy for her. You will miss her sadly but you know where to turn for comfort.

With sincere sympathy, I am,

Cordially yours, Ella A. Boole

Syracuse, N.Y., December 15, 1931

Dear Brother Arms, In my brief note to you at the time Mrs. Arms passed over, I mentioned that I might say something more about her later. I have thought of that half promise and of Mrs. Arms and her life and work. I remember well, when Esther passed away in January, 1916, of the desire I had that others might know just a little of her life and work as I knew it. What I have written is not especially for publication but just a few words to you and family as a friend and brother. So much could be written about Mrs. Arms and I am wondering if you will try to compile something from all you will receive about her. I hope that all goes well with you and that in the midst of sorrow and loneliness you have great joy and consolation.

Very fraternally yours, Buel Owen Campbell

Santiago, Chile, December 3, 1931

Dear Father Arms, Two days ago Dr. McLean gave me the terrible, sad news about our dearly beloved mother and friend leaving this world. Though we know paradise is the better home we grieve so, that our heart seems to break. She had such a lovely home, such a faultless companion and loving family; that is a great comfort, and besides, all the people she came in contact with, how they loved her? Down here all her friends have just felt terribly upset. I think I am a bit pagan, I think this separation is just beyond words. I know from her own teachings that death is just passing into glory, but I don't get reconciled to those facts. My love to Olive, Samuel, and the children with my deepest sympathy. You know, dear Mr. Arms, how I feel about

you; the terrible loss you are suffering from, I understand it perfectly and I am suffering horribly.

Your loving—Nellie Shaw Segura

Concepción, Chile, S.A., December 29, 1931

My dear Brother Arms: My affectionate greeting and my most sincere sympathy go to you in these days of trial. You should feel happy, brother, for the good companion whom the Lord gave you, and that for many years she could labor together with you. Her memory is with us. She lives in many hearts. Few are those who leave such pleasing memories in the world. Here in the Church I had a memorial service. The church was completely filled. I asked several friends to speak, and those who did so were Dr. René Coddou, Luis A. Spano, Ernesto Loosli, and Miss Ester Daroch. The church was decorated with white flowers and the choir gave special music. After that we had another service in the Gymnasium of Concepción College. Mrs. Rosalba F. de Enriquez presided. Miss Laura Carvajal, Directora of the City High School for Girls, spoke, and I also spoke in that service. I have written an article for *El Sur* and Mr. Shelly says that he sent you a copy of the paper. Have courage, my brother, and may the Lord grant you His sweet peace and companionship.

Greetings to you and to Brother Valenzuela, his wife, and family. Blessings on you in the New Year.

Your brother in Christ, Moisés Torregrosa

A part of the article in the daily paper read as follows: "Mrs. Arms was one of those personalities whose influence makes itself felt in a commanding way. Those who knew her know that she was a virtuous and Christian woman; in her activities she shone on account of her intelligence, her culture, and the exquisite grace with which she knew how to captivate all hearts. She was affable and kind to all; she made the sorrows and joys of her friends her own. She worked, prayed, and wept. She had time for all."

Santiago, Chile, December 22, 1932

My very dear Olive, I had you and your dear father first on my list to write you a long Christmas letter when I heard, on Saturday the tenth, that he had gone home, as he would have said. So I placed your name further down for this to reach you after the holidays. My dear, I feel you quite understand me when I say I wish to express all my love and sympathy for you but do not offer you my condolences. Death for you and me really means a going home, does it not? And one can picture what a happy reunion it has been for those two who loved each other so and who also had so many loved ones on the other side. Of course, we have our Lord's word for it that there is no marriage—no claims whatever of one upon the other—on the other side, but love there is and love will find itself at home in those realms to which our souls go. I wrote some verses a short time ago in which I say:

There marriage will not be as earth has known it,
But love and only love, as angels know;
And as God's children we shall both enjoy it
Because we loved — still love — each other so.

And in such love, understanding, mutual respect and a communion of aims and ideals are essential, all of which were so apparent even here on earth in your dear father's and mother's lives. I think I am being quite truthful when I state that their married life has been the only one I've known which has quite come up to my ideals and made me feel sorry I had not had a chance to try it. Personally, I can say that after my mother, your mother is the woman who has most deeply influenced me. And I am very grateful to her.

Ever your loving friend, Laura Jorquera

A TRIBUTE WRITTEN LATER BY DR. J. H. McLEAN**Mrs. Arms, the Woman of Fixed Purpose**

Biography is most informative and fascinating when it is least statistical, because the subtle essence of a life is only incidentally related to the calendar. Any reference to Mrs. Arms, even though it bear the mark of "Anno Domini," carries its emphasis on the "Domini," for, above all, she was a dedicated spirit.

In quiet retrospect I review the impressions of a score of years and there emerges one dominating memory. She always conveyed to others a sense of vocation supreme, of the sublime significance of living for a purpose. As the planets swing serenely in their fixed orbits, with obedience to some central sun, so moved Mrs. Arms under the attraction and control of the Lord Jesus Christ. Without direct discussion of her major allegiance, in the fulfilment of her regular duties, she radiated her halo of devotion. One could not refrain from exclaiming: "Here we have a woman whose light and guidance and strength are derived from Heaven!"

In physical appearance she was Junoesque — tall, erect, and majestic. The frailty of youth disappeared in the rigors of middle age; even her tenement of clay was disciplined by a resolute will until she became a wonder to herself and to her associates, a marvel of courage and endurance. Light auburn hair crowned her open brow, and eyes blue as cornflowers twinkled and glowed beneath. Her voice was clear and resonant, yet echoed the melody of her soul.

As she strode about on duty, there was a firmness in her footstep and a steadiness in her gaze that betokened fixed conviction and purposeful living.

Cradled in the best Puritan tradition of New England and fired by the noble example of Mary Lyon, she prepared for Christian service and accepted joyously whatever her Master decreed. Thus she became the bride of the Rev. Goodsil F. Arms. They agreed, with

that wisdom which outlasts sentimentality, to walk together in close lock-step. Such was their literal proposal. Both husband and wife, in their later years, rather exulted in their practical program and its consummation, for they literally kept step with each other and with the Great Pacemaker, for a half-century of glorious endeavor.

Whatever obligation might come with the new day or the new year, Mrs. Arms was ready to grapple with it in view of her belief that God would supply all needed grace for His assignments. The insistence of friends, the kindest intentions of associates were received with gratitude, yet, above all and before all, came the challenge: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" In that absorbing attitude Mrs. Arms overcame the world and became the hostage of a better realm in the earthly arena. To the rest of us she bore the assurance that only such as dwell with Christ in God are panoplied for victorious living with men. Many a discouraged Christian worker took on renewed heroism after witnessing the steadfastness of Mrs. Arms. Her secret was no occult or evasive formula. Day by day she renewed her glad, complete submission to One whom she loved and served. If she had one aspiration it was the desire to reflect more and more of Christ's indwelling spirit.

Mrs. Arms, the Christian Educator

Less spectacular and dramatic than periodical evangelism is the work of the classroom or the care of a boarding-school, yet it demands the fullest measure of consecration. To Mr. and Mrs. Arms came the challenge of Bishop Taylor, that man of God whose vision was matched by his practical sense. Chile's parents were clamoring for something better than the sterile instruction of the State institutions or the impractical dogmas of the Roman Catholic teaching orders. In every progressive community there are always a select few who desire for their children an apprenticeship in living alongside genuine Christian guides. Chile had emerged

from colonial narrowness and crudeness so that some of her best elements were ready for new methods of child-training.

Accordingly, Mr. and Mrs. Arms inaugurated the Taylor system in Concepción, first in a boarding school for boys and later in Concepción College for girls. It was a courageous undertaking for them. They had no guaranteed salary. From the outset they had to rely upon living allowances over and above the cost of maintaining a first-class establishment. Not only did they succeed in self-support; both establishments speedily entrenched themselves in popular favor and the children of prominent families flocked to Colegio Americano and Concepción College. From the revenues of both schools Mr. Arms set aside annually large sums for improvements and extensions. In this fashion he was able, in later years, to transfer to the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church two modern boarding schools of high-grade efficiency, with a large constituency attracted by the prestige of the Arms' fame and without having collected any considerable grant from the gifts of the Church. In other words, Mr. Arms' indefatigable energy, business ability, and wise administration gave to the Methodist Mission two of their best educational units. Better still, they were closely affiliated with the nascent Chilean church and had already furnished several promising candidates for the ministry.

In those early days of consolidation both Mr. and Mrs. Arms were in evidence everywhere. Both bore the heaviest burdens in the Concepción church and outstations. The frontier field to the South was being evangelized under Mr. Arms' supervision. There was a large and accommodating "prophet's chamber" in each school and the workers returned periodically for counsel with Mr. and Mrs. Arms. True missionaries, whatever their special obligation, always maintain close contact with the growing church; Mr. and Mrs. Arms furnish the most telling illustration of the value of intelligent, sympathetic, and complete identification with the

preaching and teaching of Christ through the ordinary channels of the organized congregation.

Only one who has exercised office and oversight in a mission boarding-school has any definite conception of what it signifies. The routine has to be guided with smooth certainty, the budget must be balanced, parents and guardians require constant attention, teachers and students must be harmonized until they become a working body. There is no day without its unexpected and baffling problems. The Principal must needs be a subtle combination of diplomat, drill-master, judicial expert, dietitian, executive, and pedagogue. How well Mrs. Arms fulfilled her ministry as the head of Concepción College for 23 years is best evidenced by the galaxy of noble women who refer with pride to the fact that they are "Mrs. Arms' girls." They are scattered all over Chile to-day, but each bears the distinctive mark of a great character-forming process. Whatever else her students were to become, they were guided, by prayer, counsel, and shining example, into the purity and richness of abundant life in Christ.

The Joyous Adaptability of Mr. and Mrs. Arms

Few missionaries are permitted by a wise Providence to engage solely in those forms of service for which they may have special predilection or desire. The history of missions furnishes abundant proof of this, although modern theory dares to gainsay the wisdom of varied assignments. In the hurly-burly of pioneer evangelism at least, the worker who can go to a new field and initiate some original project is most valuable. Mr. and Mrs. Arms had that versatility which dwells near genius. They were never disheartened by the vicissitudes that altered their plans. After almost a lifetime of productive work in the Concepción schools came a furlough and postponed return owing to Mrs. Arms' serious illness. Nothing daunted, Mr. Arms improved the interval by writing a very accurate and interesting history of the Methodist Mission in Chile. A field in the

North, pastoral duties on an extensive circuit, and a complete change of activity came to this missionary couple as a test of their accommodative devotion. Many would have chafed under such an ordeal or repined as a result of such complete change. Not they. With smiling acquiescence they addressed themselves to their new commitments and began the outpouring of their enriching personalities.

In the absence of the presiding Bishop and at his express request Mr. Arms was named Chairman of the Annual Conference. This signal but unexpected though deserved honor came to Mr. Arms as the supreme distinction of his career. The confidence of his brethren, thus expressed, sustained his morale and perpetuated his gratitude until the end of his days.

Later the Union Bible Seminary, erected by the Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal missions, was delivered to Mr. and Mrs. Arms as resident managers. To them fell the responsibility of furnishing the rooms, organizing the student body, and caring for the welfare of candidates for the ministry from both churches. As a task it was unique for both these veterans, yet they rose to the occasion with an enthusiasm that suggested perennial youth. Here they spent their final three years in Chile, beloved by all the students. Their associate, who pens these lines, gladly inscribes his sentiments of full appreciation.

Here they would have remained until the end of their earthly sojourn had they not resolved to make another change which they deemed essential to the highest welfare of their grandchildren. Once more they proved themselves magnanimous amid new surroundings. The children of their only daughter Olive have since arisen to bless every memory of their self-effacing and generous grandparents. From the day of their arrival in Chile until the day of their departure, some forty years later, Mr. and Mrs. Arms were capable of rapid and complete adjustment to every situation ordered by the Master.

Husband and Wife

Mr. and Mrs. Arms were welded together by a power superior to affection and sustained in their mutual union by an influence far more potent than ordinary romance. Not only was theirs a successful marriage; it was a life-partnership that suggested the beautiful reality of two souls perfectly interblended. Each knew the virtues of the other; each sought to complement the deficiencies of the other; each strove to enhance the joint fruitage of the married state. Gentle, courteous, gallant address marked their daily intercourse. They were a pair of ardent lovers to the end. Each hoped to be spared that the beloved mate might be solaced in the days of anguish. Their farewells were not far apart. "Lovely in their lives, in their deaths they were not parted."

The writer is only one of a host who remember Mr. and Mrs. Arms as two choice spirits, redeemed, chosen, and empowered by Christ for a demonstration in Chile of the power of a measureless life, reflecting the glory of God in the days filled with duty among His children on earth.



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